The RING

HARRY FELIX

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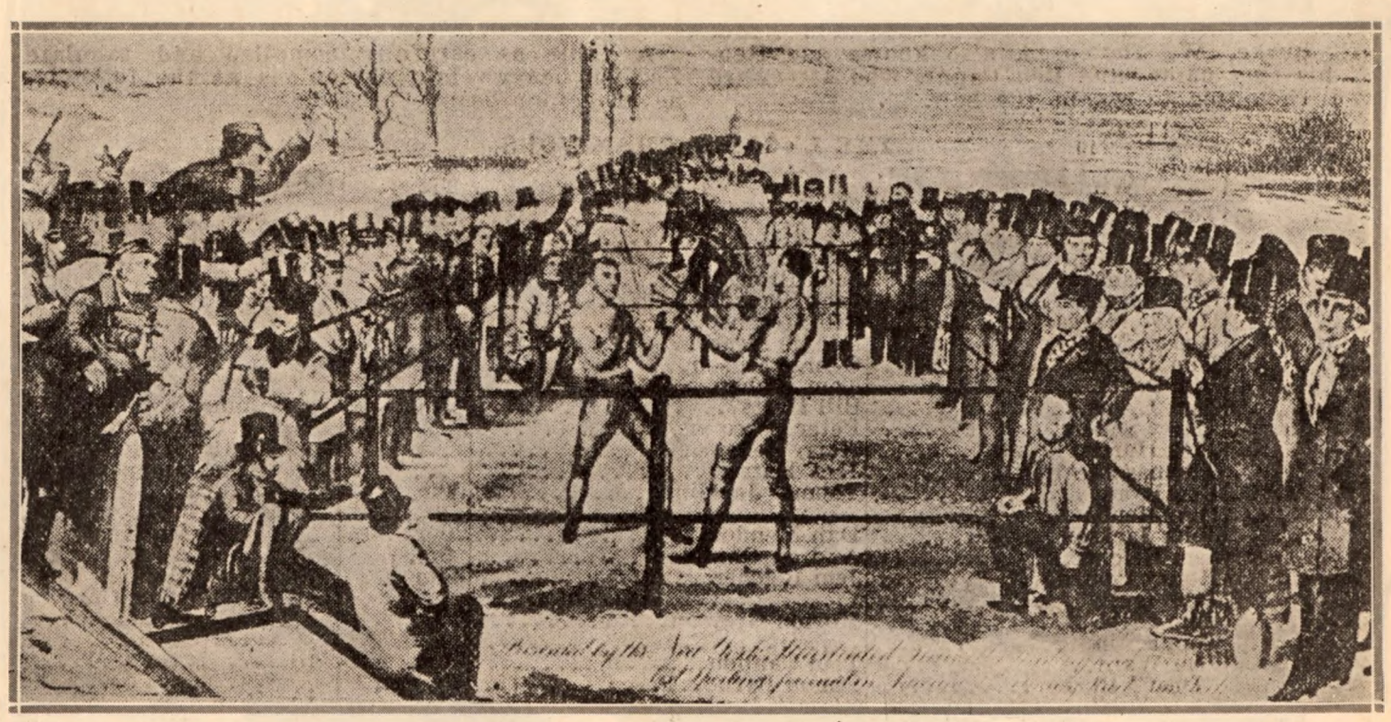
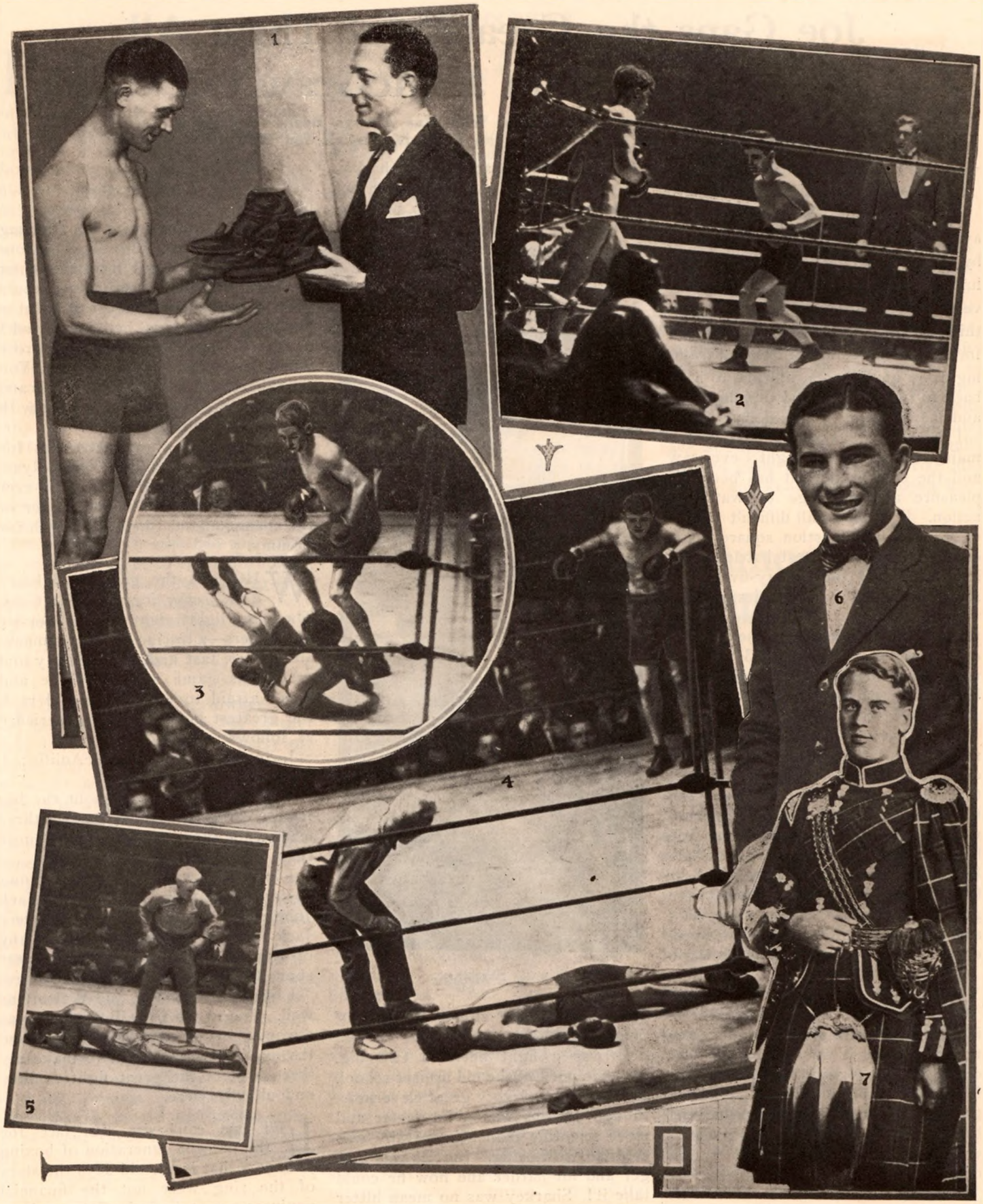


The First Battle for the American Heavyweight Championship, between Tom Hyer (right) and Yankee Sullivan, on January 10, 1849. Hyer won in 16 fiercely fought rounds.

Snapped by Our Cameraman in a Tour of the World

1—*Bombardier Billy Wells makes a "comeback." He is here shown knocking out Soldier Jones of Canada in the sixth round of a bout in London.* 2—*The passing of Danny Frush, who was knocked out by Mascart, European featherweight champion, in Paris fight.* 3—*Two champions, Jack Dempsey and Mickey Walker, at opening of Dempsey's gymnasium on Coast.* 4—*Tex Rickard, Tom Gibbons (middle), and Eddie Kane conferring in Rickard's office on a proposed Dempsey-Gibbons bout.* 5—*Paul Berlenbach and his prize winning Great Dane, Shorty, at recent Westminster Dog Show in Madison Square Garden.* 6—*Harry Wills listening to his wife's piano playing. Mrs. Wills is a great lover of music.*

Photographs of Interest to the Boxing World



Photos P. & A.

1—Benny Leonard, retired lightweight champion, handing his shoes over to one of his possible successors, Charley O'Connell, of Cleveland, managed by Billy Gibson. 2—Luis Angel Firpo, Wild Bull of the Argentine, in a new role. He must have felt strange in evening clothes as he refereed the fight between Bill Honn, Englishman, and Paumelle, Frenchman. 3—First knockdown of George Chaney, knockout king, by Tommy O'Brien in recent lightweight elimination bout in Madison Square Garden. 4—Dead as a doornail. George Chaney knocked out by Tommy O'Brien. 5—Tiger Flowers resting on his gloves while hearing the count of Referee Patsy Haley in Tiger's fight with Jack Delaney. Flowers was knocked out in a hectic fourth round in Madison Square Garden. 6—Fidel La Barba, Olympic world's flyweight boxing champion, who graduated from a Los Angeles High School a few weeks ago, has turned pro. 7—The Marquis of Clydesdale, amateur middleweight champion of Scotland, who will appear against the Yale Boxing Team this month.

Jeffries-Sharkey Battle Hardest He Ever Saw; Joe Gans the Greatest of Them All, Says John J. McGraw

Manager of the New York Giants, Who Has Always Been Very Much Interested in Fistic Affairs, Writes an Exclusive Article for THE RING

WHILE I am in the midst of preparations for another hard pennant fight I am glad to avail myself of the invitation extended by the editor of THE RING to give my impression of fistic stars and fistic developments in the last generation in this country. It proved quite a tonic for me, in the tedium of baseball training down at Sarasota, Florida, to hark back to the old days and the old fights and marshall my impressions.

I have been asked to deal in the main with the hardest fight I ever saw and the best battlers it has been my pleasure and privilege to watch in action. It is not at all difficult for me to meet either question squarely and definitely. The greatest battle I ever have seen was the twenty-five-round scrap in which Jim Jeffries, heavyweight champion of the world, defeated Tom Sharkey, at Coney Island, on the night of November 3, 1899. I never shall forget every round, every big move of that memorable encounter.

There have been all sorts of statements about that fight. It has been charged by many misguided critics that old George Siler, who was the third man in the ring that night, erred when he gave the decision to the title holder. Some have argued that Sharkey should have got a draw. Others have argued that Sharkey should have got the decision. Some have cast aspersions on the honesty of the veteran referee, now gone to his reward.

WELL, Siler was absolutely right that night. Sharkey got a beating if ever a boxer got one, and a most terrific beating it was. Tom was sent out that night to mingle with a threshing machine and when he came out of the fight he was cut and bruised and battered as I have seen no other fighter battered in more than a generation of experiences.

Sharkey's ribs were broken. His cauliflower ears were puffed to thrice their ordinarily abnormal size. His ears were cut. One ear hung by a thread. His nose was battered. For three days they had to lift Sharkey out of his chair—he just could not move. Dr. John F. Erdmann, now one of the most prominent surgeons in America, examined Sharkey the morning after the fight and he could tell a most interesting tale of the sailor's condition and the effects of Jeffries' pounding.

John J. McGraw

It was a fight between two big, powerful men of the old bruiser school. Neither had any very great cleverness, though Jeffries was a lot faster and more scientific than he generally was credited with being. Jeffries was bigger and hit harder and how he could take it! Sharkey was no mean hitter on his own account and they did not come any gamer than Tom the Sailor. It was something like the irresistible force meeting the unmovable body.

IT WAS a furious fight, more brutal than any of the old bare knuckle battles, and the issue always was in doubt. The Jeffries men kept hoping for a knockout and the Sharkey contingent could not get it out of their heads that the Sailor ultimately would get the champion. They did not stop hoping until the final bell rang—and I never will forget the din that arose when the decision became known. You see, Sharkey was from New York and the sympathies of the crowd were with the home challenger.

I was one of the timekeepers for Jeffries in that fight. Tommy Ryan, one of the greatest fighters that ever trod the canvas, was in the corner of the champion and I held the watch for Tommy.

WHO was the greatest fighter? That's easy for me. Joe Gans. The negro lightweight was the wonder of wonders—a terrific hitter, a remarkable boxer, fast and heady, shifty and crafty, as game as they come and never afraid to fight. I would rank the greatest boxers in my experience as follows:

1, Joe Gans; 2, Jack McAuliffe; 3, Terry McGovern.

You will say, "What about the big men? Here you have named three leaders and the heaviest scaled no more than 135 pounds."

I have seen some great big fellows —Jim Corbett in his heyday, Jack Johnson, Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dempsey. But I cannot rate any of these in all around effectiveness above Gans, McAuliffe and McGovern.

I liked Lavigne too, and Walcott as well. The negro from Barbadoes was a wonder but he did not quite combine the qualities which went to make my three leaders the great fighters they undoubtedly were.

LET me emphasize the fact for the present generation of boxing followers that in the old days the stars of the ring were not the financial geniuses we see in fisticuffs nowadays. Boxers of the old era fought because they had to get the money and often they fought when their physical con-

(*Continued on page* 24)

"How Boxing Came in Handy"

By BEN FOURNIER

TO every animal a kind of Providence has bestowed more or less adequate weapons of offense and defense and it is a singular fact that man, the noblest creature, is the worst off in this respect and in the use of the bare means supplied by nature, is the least expert of them all. Without the assistance of those weapons that his ingenuity has invented, his hands are unfit to stand an encounter with an enemy much his inferior in size and strength. But, on the other hand, skill in the proper and dexterous use of the hands coupled with the agility of movement learned in the boxing school has often been the means of enabling man to subdue and gain the mastery over animals many times his superior in strength.

Let me instance a case in point: A very vicious and ill-tempered horse was eating his head off in a luxuriant loose box because there was no one in the establishment of the gentleman to whom he belonged who had the courage or the strength to enter his stable to saddle and bridle him. If a groom approached for any other purpose than to give him his corn and hay, he would speedily drive him away by a free use of his hoofs and teeth.

ONE day at lunch his owner was lamenting the uselessness of the finest horse in his stud to a party of friends and wound up by saying that he would gladly make the horse a present to any one who could saddle and ride him out of the yard. A young graduate of Oxford expressed his willingness to make the attempt and though warned by many a blood-curdling recital of what had been the fate of the grooms and stable boys that had made the like effort.

He persisted in his determination to try. After lunch all adjourned to the stable in the expectation of seeing the young fellow receive a severe lesson for his temerity. He was known to be an expert in every manly exercise, especially boxing and was in perfect wind and training.

Selecting a saddle and bridle from an adjacent rack, he approached the strong bars that opened into the brute's stall, speaking kindly and soothingly to him. The horse turned and eyed the stranger and catching sight of the hated bit became furious, lashing out madly with his heels, and stamping wildly about the stall, making the straw of his bedding fly in every direction.

WITHOUT a word, the graduate rested the saddle and bridle on the top rail, but the steady, undaunted fire of the eye, the firmly compressed lip, the backward poise of the shapely head, the swelling muscles of his lithe and active frame as he lightly vaulted into the box, told plainly of the iron, indomitable will and pluck within. Scarcely had he landed on his feet than the now thoroughly infuriated beast came rushing headlong at him with its satin ears flattened closely against its lean head, its eyes aflame and bloodshot, its mouth agape, and displaying a set of gleaming teeth which he gnashed and ground with fury.

Sudden and savage though the onslaught was, the young Oxonian was prepared. Throwing himself naturally and gracefully into boxing attitude, he met the maddened animal with a blow on the temple, just between the ear and eye, swift, straight and inexorable as from a—Nasmyth's hammer, that brought him on his knees. Rearing up and squealing with pain and rage, the brute again rushed upon his foe who had stepped aside, but pale and determined awaited his coming.

Again, like a levin bolt straight from the shoulder, flew the clenched fist and down dropped the horse. Slowly he staggered to his feet and trembling in every limb while great patches of perspiration stained his flanks and sides, he cowered into a corner of the stall completely vanquished. The victor soon had the bit in his mouth and the saddle on his back and leading him out of the stall cantered gaily away on the prize his bravery and knowledge of boxing had won.

When Bob Fitzsimmons Met Buffalo Bill

By JOHN J. McAFEE

MOST celebrities meet each other and become friends, sooner or later, but sometimes there are some rich circumstances attendant on their introduction. Take, for instance, the first time that Bob Fitzsimmons ever met Buffalo Bill—the initial acquaintance of the two wonderful fighting men was boisterously ridiculous.

They happened to drop into the lobby of the old Hoffman House in New York, and mutual friends steered them towards each other. Before they could be introduced, however, a sinful sportsman managed to buttonhole Fitzsimmons. "Bob," he whispered, "we want you to meet Col. Cody—Buffalo Bill. But remember one thing, he is stone deaf, and you'll have to talk mighty loud to make him understand you!"

Bob promised to be properly vocal, and the sinner had just time to head off Col. Cody. He explained to the scout that the great fighter was lamentably hard of hearing, and Buffalo Bill promised to speak loud enough for all practical purposes. Then came the introduction. "Mr. Fitzsimmons," bellowed Buffalo Bill, in a voice that shook seven glasses off the bar, "I am glad to meet you! It's a pleasure to know the best fighting man of his weight in all the world."

"And I'm proud to know you, Colonel," roared Fitzsimmons, with so tremendous a tone that people flocked in from the outside and somebody called a cop. "I've blooming well 'eard hof you hand your gryte deeds since I was a boy!"

"What's your choice of drinks?" thundered Buffalo Bill, while the barkeeper shrouded his ears in his hands.

"I'll 'ave a little Scotch, Colonel," blared Fitzsimmons. "Might I be so bold as to awsk, Colonel, 'ow you came to be deaf? A wound in one hof your battles, maybe?

"Me? Deaf?" roared Buffalo Bill, "Why, my hearing is perfect. Charlie So-and-So told me you were deaf!"

"And 'e told me you was 'ard of 'earing," whooped Ruby Robert. Then a great light dawned on them both and they turned with murder in their cold blue eyes. But the sinner was already two blocks away and proceeding with the utmost rapidity.

Masterpiece of Gans, the Old Master

By TAD

(World Famous Cartoonist and Sports Writer of New York Evening Journal. Used by Permission)

IF you'll look in the record books under Joe Gans' name you'll see listed under the date of July 24, 1902, "Rufe Turner, K. O., Oakland, Cal., 15 rounds." You'd think that was just an ordinary fight, but it wasn't. It was a classic.

Rufe Turner was a very dark lightweight who hailed from Stockton, Cal. He was a very mussy gent, could hit the way a mule slaps, was fast and as full of life and ambition as a colt.

Rufe had licked everything they could feed him up Stockton way. They even brought Willie Lewis out from New York and Rufe kissed him away with a right to the chin in two rounds.

Ask Willie Lewis about Rufe, and he'll tell you that everything was going lovely in that second round until he saw Rufe's right coming for his chin and he put up his right glove to break the force of the blow against his chin.

Willie will then tell you that his seconds will give you further particulars.

Rufe was the best lightweight at that time in the whole State, although Mr. James Britt claimed the distinction, but was waiting for the "public to demand the match" before he'd meet Turner.

Joe Gans, who had won the lightweight championship a few months before, was in town and had just finished off Mr. Elbows McFadden after a terrible show on McFadden's part.

The public wanted to see Gans again, and some of the public had an idea that Mr. Turner might TAKE Mr. Gans if he had the chance.

Acme Club Staged Bout

The Acme Club, of Oakland, matched the pair for fifteen rounds.

They had to fight in Oakland, as San Francisco, across the bay, was allowed but one fight a month and Jeffries was to fight Fitzsimmons there the following night.

At that time betting was allowed in San Francisco and Harry Corbett's poolroom on Ellis Street was the big spot. The mutuels were in big favor then, too. That is, you could pick your man and pick your round, and the money in the pool was divided among the winners.

A great many bet on Turner in the early rounds. A great many more bet on Gans in the early rounds. It looked to be a knockout fight, and very few, indeed, dreamed that it would go the limit, or anywhere near it.

The mutuels got a big play, thousands of dollars being wagered.

The Acme Club was crowded to the doors on the night of the fight. Spider Kelly had been engaged as chief second for Turner. The Spider had met Gans twice and knew his tricks. This was a great advantage for the Turner people.

Al Herford, manager of Gans, of course bet on his man, smiled and kept his dope to himself.

It was a pretty fight. It was one of those fights you love to look back at and wonder about.

Gans was never better in his life He played with the black Turner for nine rounds. He didn't cut him up, but he belted him with right and left, made Rufe look silly missing, and blocked as prettily as a boxer ever blocked.

Fifteen seconds before the end of the eighth round Al Herford yelled to Gans, "Nice work, Joe!" A few seconds later Turner dropped to the canvas from a right to the chin, and it looked as though he'd never get up. At the count of eight the bell rang.

Spider Kelly jumped into the ring, dragged his punch-drunk man to the corner, washed him up, gave him smelling salts, and just as the gong clanged again had him on his feet almost as good as ever. He was ALMOST as good as ever, but not as good as he might have been.

They fought through the ninth until within fifteen seconds of the end of the round, when Herford again yelled, "Nice work, Joe!" (the signal). A few seconds later Mr. Turner again kissed the canvas, and once more the bell saved him. Spider Kelly worked like a stoker to get his man around into shape again. Just before the bell called them to the center again Rufe asked the Spider:

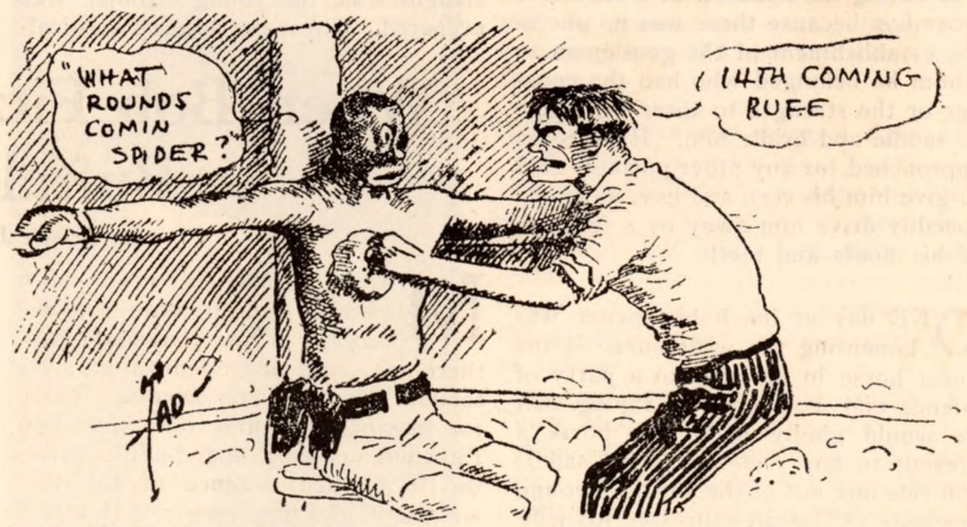
"What's the round, Spider?"

Kelly answered: "Fourteenth coming, Rufe."

Fourteenth Keeps Coming

The tenth was the same as the others, Gans playing cat to his black mouse from Stockton. He was seldom scratched by a punch. He was killing time and killing his opponent, too.

"Nice work, Joe!" came the voice from Gans' corner, and once again



Rufe went kerplunk against the floor. The referee counted up to seven, but the bell clanged. Once again Kelly dragged his insensible man back for the water and ammonia.

"What round's coming, Spider?" asked Turner through his bloody lips.

"Fourteenth coming, Rufe. Tear in now," piped Spider as he pushed him to the centre.

"Ain't it a long night?" Rufe.

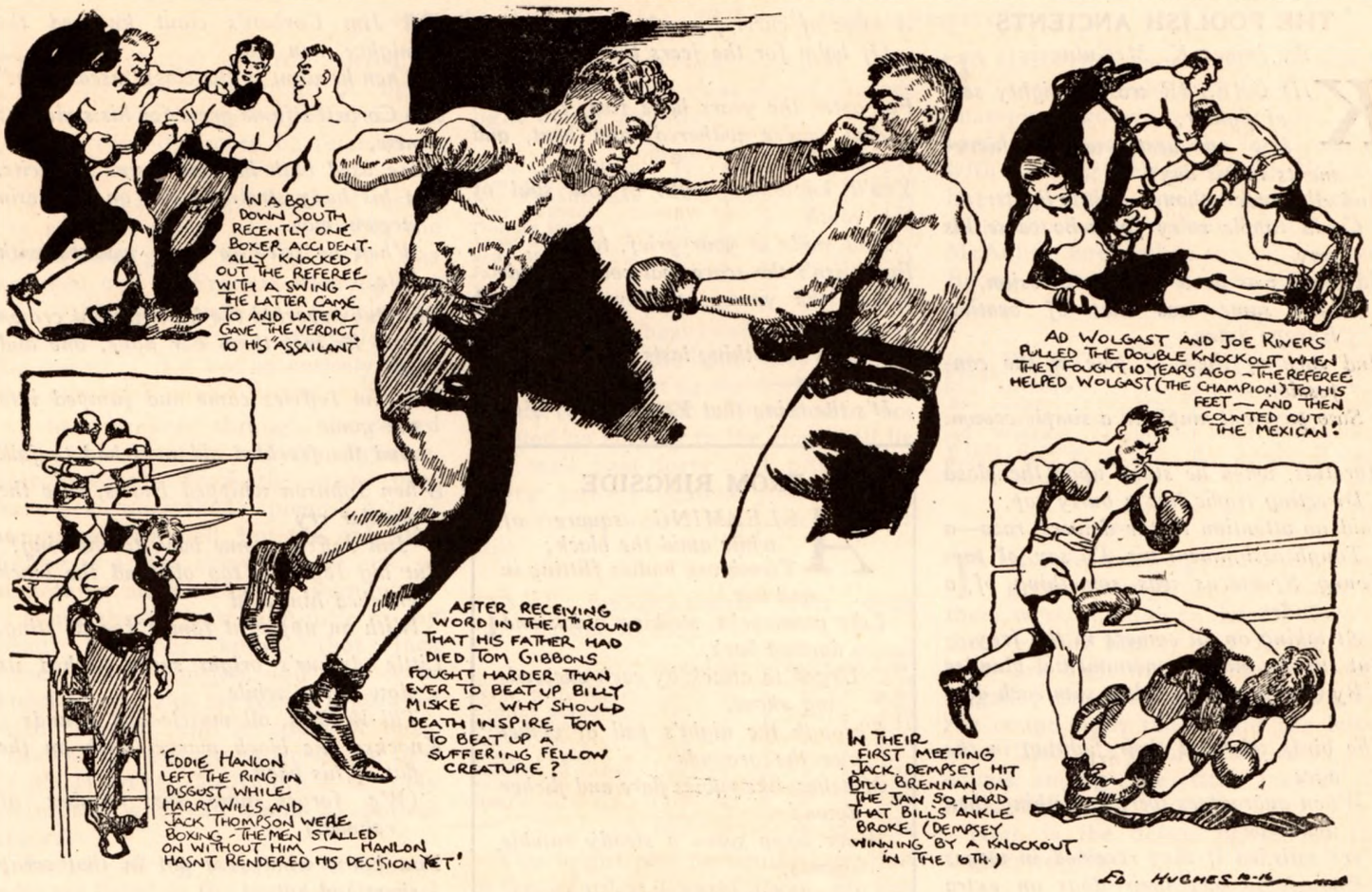
The eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth were the same. Rufe was dropped JUST before the bell at the close of each round. At the end of the thirteenth he looked at Kelly and once more asked:

"What round's coming, Spider?" Kelly wiped Rufe's face and said, "Fourteenth, Rufe. Step out now."

Rufe, sick and tired, piped, "Aint this

(Continued on next page)

Down Queer Alley in Ringland - By Ed Hughes



WHAT is the supreme urge that makes men hanker to beat up their kind? We can think of a score of square-shouldered motives, but why should death be one of them? Tom Gibbons, just before the seventh round started in his recent tilt with Billy Miske, was handed a telegram announcing the passing of his father. Gibbons, according to one scribe, battled with increasing vigor, "taking out" his misfortune on Miske. Why should death inspire Tom to torment a fellow creature? It usually has a softening effect on our attitude toward worldly things.

One of the most famous "double knockouts" on record. Remember it? Ten years ago Ad Wolgast, lusty Michigan Wildcat, defended his title against Mexican Joe Rivers. Rivers was one of the most dangerous hitters the coast ever turned out. In the thirteenth round the men traded swings and both hit "the button." It was a double knockout. The referee, to see Wolgast win, generously helped Ad to his feet—and then counted out Rivers.

A fight without a referee. There was one for a round or so. Eddie Hanlon became so disgusted with the boxing of Harry Wills and Jack Thompson that he deliberately quit the ring, allowing the principals to "stall" on. That was two years ago. Hanlon hasn't rendered a decision yet.

A referee, by the way, was recently dropped "cold" in a bout down south. A random shot from one of the principals laid him low. The arbiter revived and, interesting to note, ultimately gave the decision to his assailant.

The hardest wallop Jack Dempsey ever released ought to be the one Bill Brennan collected in his first fight with the Killer. This shot, which checked Bill in the sixth, landed on the jaw—and broke Bill's ankle. Brennan twisted his leg as he fell and had to be carried from the ring.

MASTERPIECE OF GANS, THE OLD MASTER (*Continued from page* 8)

fourteenth a long round, Spider?" Kelly pushed him out again.

In the fourteenth Rufe took an unmerciful licking, but was not dropped until within six seconds of the bell. Gans was as careful as could be that way. Kelly once more dragged Rufe back and fixed him up for the last round. Rufe came out sick. He was satisfied Gans was a good champion.

The fifteenth didn't go far. They say that Gans and Herford had their money in the mutuels on this round. Turner was dropped for keeps about a minute after the bell and carried to his corner all in.

Gans walked to his corner unmarked. It was just a workout for him.

They say that Gans and Herford made a clean-up on the mutuels.

There was very little money bet on the fifteenth round on the Gans side. No one but a nut would take a chance there. Every one figured the K. O. would come earlier on either side.

The mutuels paid 35 to 1. The thousands that were bet went into the pockets of Gans and Herford.

They deserved it. It was the greatest display of ability and gameness ever seen in Oakland.

It was also the LONGEST fourteenth round Rufe Turner ever saw.

Pugilistic Rhyme

THE FOOLISH ANCIENTS

By James K. McGuinness

KID CAESAR was a mighty sort of fighter,
His conquests were achievements in his day;
And Alexander, though a little lighter,
Could topple ev'ry foe who came his way.
Napoleon was good at his profession,
Which same was that of beating Europe down;
And each of them—I pale at the confession —
Saw payment ample in a simple crown.

Horatius, when he stood upon the plaza
Directing traffic like a burly cop,
Paid no attention to the drivers' razz—a
Tough assignment his, I'll say, ol' top.
Young Spartacus was something of a wonder
At taking on all comers in the fray,
But still he made a monumental blunder
By working for a paltry sum each day.

The birds who did their fighting in the ages
When guarantees were something then unknown
Were satisfied if they received in wages
Enough to buy their dogs an extra bone.
They had no homes of luxury and splendor,
They travelled on the hoof—or something worse;
And none was known to be a heavy spender—
They overlooked the half-a-million purse.

OUT OF THE GAME

By Ford Frick

New York Evening Journal's Sports Expert

You've given your soul to the game, Lad,
And battled as best you might,
And you sigh and cry for the hopes awry
And the dream that sped in the night
You dreamed of a victor's crown, Lad,
And the cheers of a frenzied throng,
And your soul is numb, and the hot tears come
As you gaze on a hope gone wrong

You view the game as the thing, Lad,
For that is the youthful way.
And you count it sin when you fail to win
In the game that you choose to play.
For that is the spirit of youth, Lad,
And only the years can bring
A salve of cheer for a heart that's drear
Of balm for the jeers that sting.

For after the years have fled, Lad,
And you're withered, and bent, and gray
You'll know the truth of the soul of youth
And smile at your grief, today.
For it isn't the score that counts, Lad;
And the years, as they pass, speak true—
There's a something lasts when the game is past—
It's the thing that You make of YOU!

FROM RINGSIDE

A GLEAMING square of white amid the black;
Two ivory bodies flitting in and out.
Like gamecocks, striking quick and darting back,
Urged to attack by each succeeding shout.
Through the night's pall of velvet o'er the grounds
Matches, like rubies flare and flicker down;
Wave upon wave a steady rumble sounds,
Like the uneasy waking of a town.

Such were the crowds the Coliseum knew,
That gather'd to enjoy a grimmer game;
Such is the thrill that lasts the ages through,
The lust for fight will always be the same.
Man will respond, until he is no more,
To all that brutal mankind has in store.

THE BETTER MAN

By Ray I. Hoppman

THE champions come and the champions go,
The crown-wearer battles his foes.
Till he's knocked for the count by a better man's blow—
Then into the discard he goes.

No man is so mighty, so strong and so great
And such a high dog at the game
That he can keep far from oblivion's gate
And cling to his laurels and fame.
We all can remember mighty John L—
An "eat-'em-up" fighter was he,
Till Jim Corbett's clout knocked the mighty man out,
Then he went to the class "used-to-be."

Jim Corbett's fame grew for his style was new,
He used both his hands and his wits,
But his body stretched flat on the resin strewn mat
When he tried to swap wallops with Fitz.

Old Ruby sported the heavyweight crown
And he met them bar none, one and all;
But Jim Jeffries came and jumped into the game
And the freckled old man had to fall.

When Johnson whipped Burns, rose the popular cry
"Jim Jeffries come back to the ring!"
But big Jeff was too old and the black knocked him cold
With an uppercut famed for its sting.

Little Arthur's bright smile flashed its glow for a while
Till Willard, all muscle and pounds
Knocked the black marvel Jack on the flat of his back
(We forget now the number of rounds.)

You know what Jess got in that scrap short and hot,
When Dempsey made him hear the birds,
Jack now is the champ and he wears well his stamp;
But readers, please hark to these words.

No man is so mighty, so strong and so great
And such a high dog at the game
That he can keep far from oblivion's gate
And cling to his laurels and fame.

We insist and we say that they all have their day
And we firmly contend we're not wrong,
They must bow to the dust and admit it, they must,
When the better man ambles along.

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The Beaten Ones

By JACK KOFOED

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THE chatter recently stirred up by the retirement of lightweight champion Benny Leonard has caused him to be referred to as "the unbeaten champion."

This is misleading. Leonard tasted the sting of defeat before doffing the gloves for good and all. He was knocked out by Frankie Fleming and by Joe Shugrue, and lost a decision on a foul to Jack Britton. Marvellous as his record is, it is not an entirely flawless one.

I have scoured through the record books on a quest for unbeaten fighters. Heroic battles from the misty past have been unearthed; splendid lists of conquests compiled, but the unbeaten fighter is a rara avis—a great auk, or something almost equally unknown.

Don't throw Jack McAuliffe at my head. Everyone knows that Jack never lost a decision, and was never knocked out. But his record is studded with "draws," and in some of those "draws" he was given quite the best of it. However, McAuliffe is the only champion who can claim a spotless record.

And, in all the hundreds of fighters who are listed in the books of the past quarter century he and Ad Stone are the only ones who haven't a single black mark against them. Stone, of course, is only at the beginning of his career, and it is more than possible that defeat will be his sooner or later.

It comes to every fighter who stays in the game long enough.

THERE are a number who came close to the impossible circle. John L. Sullivan's only recorded reverse was his knockout at the hands of Jim Corbett. Jeffries fell but to Jack Johnson. Both these defeats were the final efforts of their careers. That master boxer, Packey McFarland, lost only one battle—at the start of his quest for fame—when a chap named Shorty Miller scored a four round decision over him. Paul Berlenbach's single black mark came when Jack Delaney stopped him.

Primarily, my intentions were "defeatist" in plunging into the sea of records. I wanted to see how many times the champions had been whipped —and how many times the lads, good enough to get their names into the books, were beaten. A rather surprising mine of information was unearthed.

LET'S look over the aces first. The heavyweight class shows a rather light defeat record:

	Bouts	Lost	K.O. by	L— Foul	Total	Average Loss
John L. Sullivan..	41	0	1	0	1	2.39
Jim Corbett	36	1	3	1	5	13.88
Bob Fitzsimmons .	64	1	5	1	7	10.93
Jim Jeffries	21	0	1	0	1	4.76
Tommy Burns	61	3	1	0	4	6.55
Jack Johnson	81	2	2	1	5	6.17
Jess Willard	37	3	2	1	6	16.21
Jack Dempsey ...	69	2	1	0	3	4.34
	410	12	16	4	32	7.25

In short, the heavyweight champions won 92.75% of the bouts they engaged in from the start to the finish of their careers. Had Bob Fitzsimmons not insisted on staying in the ring until he was well past forty and pitting his failing powers against younger men the average would have been higher still.

* * *

THE middleweights were even harder to stop.

	Bouts	Lost	K.O. by	L— Foul	Total	Average Loss
Jack Dempsey	72	1	2	0	3	4.16
Myst. Billy Smith..	80	7	3	6	16	20.00
Tommy Ryan	115	0	1	1	2	1.75
Kid McCoy	105	2	4	0	6	5.71
Jack O'Brien	186	2	2	0	4	2.15
Billy Papke	72	5	1	1	7	9.7
Stanley Ketchel...	60	3	2	0	5	8.33
Johnny Wilson....	129	12	1	2	15	11.63
Harry Greb.....	219	3	1	0	4	1.83
	1038	35	17	10	62	5.98

You might pay particular attention to the record of Tommy Ryan. He has but one real defeat charged against him. That was when Kid McCoy tricked him into coming into the ring out of condition. Brilliant as the Kid was, it is questionable whether or not he would have been able to outpoint Ryan had the other been in any shape at all.

* * *

THE welterweight defeats averaged higher than it might have because of the tendency of several fighters to attempt the trimming of old Father Time. Joe Walcott, for instance, battled around for a long time after his efficiency had taken wings. In his prime the Barbadoes Terror was practically unbeatable, but he couldn't keep up the pace when he grew old. Jack Britton and Ted Lewis and Matty Matthews also kept going until they were marks for the younger men.

	Bouts	Lost	K.O. by	L— Foul	Total	Average Loss
Rube Ferns.....	55	9	3	0	12	21.82
Matty Matthews...	96	9	5	0	14	14.58
Jimmy Gardner....	101	7	0	0	7	6.99
Mike Sullivan....	65	3	3	0	6	9.23
Ted Lewis.....	221	9	2	2	13	5.88
Joe. Walcott.....	162	14	4	3	21	12.91
Billy Mellody.....	75	3	4	1	8	10.67
Jimmy Clabby....	152	8	1	1	10	6.57
Jack Britton.....	280	10	0	2	12	4.28
Mickey Walker....	55	2	1	0	3	5.45
	1262	74	23	9	106	8.40

THIS defeat average is a bit higher than it would have been had the champions known when to quit. The same is true among the lightweights, with Battling Nelson and Ad Wolgast, but the victory average here rises to quite heroic proportions because Jack McAuliffe knew when to drop out, and Benny Leonard quit when still in his prime.

	Bouts	Lost	K.O. by	L— Foul	Total	Average Loss
Jack McAuliffe....	81	0	0	0	0	0.00
Frank Erne.....	40	3	3	0	6	15.00
Kid Lavigne.....	41	1	3	0	4	9.75
Joe Gans.....	171	4	4	0	8	5.67
Battling Nelson...	161	14	1	2	17	10.55
Ad Wolgast.....	131	7	0	5	12	9.16
Willie Ritchie.....	65	4	0	0	4	6.15
Freddy Welsh.....	164	3	1	0	4	2.44
Benny Leonard....	200	0	2	1	3	1.50
	1054	36	14	8	58	5.50

* * *

THE featherweights had some great champions, but none of them were immune to defeat. Two of them—Eddie Santry and Young Corbett—are high in the "knocked out" brigade; the former going down for the count eight times, and the latter nine. This is a record that hasn't any equals among the title holders in other divisions.

Here is the defeat figures of the featherweights:

	Bouts	Lost	K.O. by	L— Foul	Total	Average Loss
Eddie Santry.....	72	5	8	0	13	18.18
Terry McGovern...	85	0	2	1	3	3.53
Young Corbett....	104	5	9	0	14	13.46
Abe Attell.....	201	6	0	0	6	2.98
Johnny Kilbane...	139	0	2	0	2	1.46
Gene Criqui.....	112	10	0	0	10	9.02
Johnny Dundee....	305	12	1	0	13	4.26
Lou Kid Kaplan..	65	3	0	0	3	4.61
	1083	41	22	1	64	5.91

* * *

THEN we turn to the bantams—a wonderful group of fighters, but with Tragedy stalking in its ranks. There is Terry McGovern, dead while still a young man; Pete Herman blind, and poor Little Chocolate, George Dixon, roaming shabbily about, until death came, being beaten by men who never classed with him, simply to make a living.

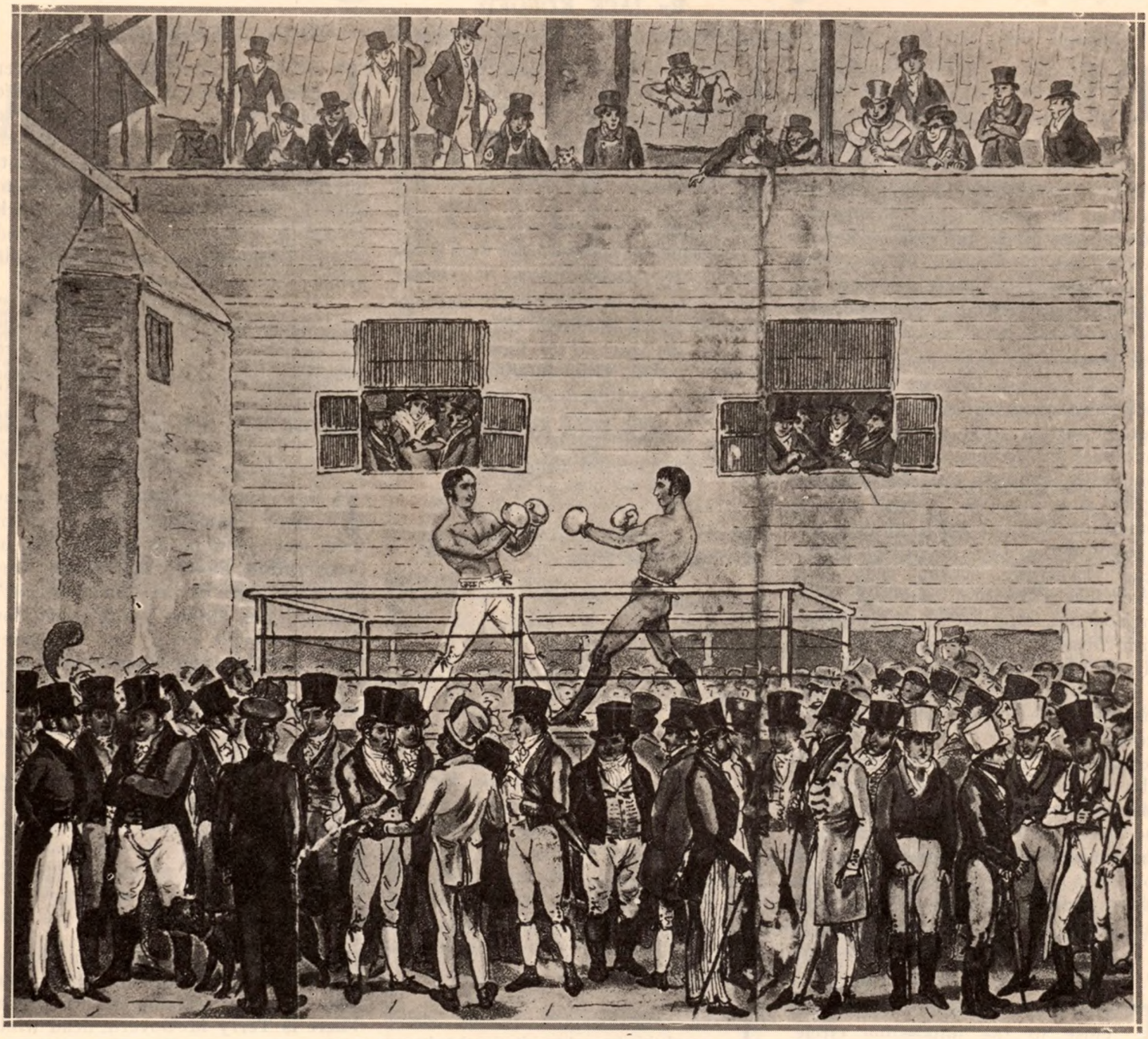
	Bouts	Lost	K.O. by	L— Foul	Total	Average Loss
George Dixon.....	212	22	3	0	25	11.78
Harry Forbes.....	111	6	8	0	14	12.61
Frankie Niel.....	46	5	0	0	5	10.89
Jimmy Walsh.....	109	6	1	0	7	6.42
Joe Bowker.....	25	2	1	0	3	12.
Johnny Coulon....	101	1	1	0	2	1.98
Kid Williams.....	190	4	0	1	5	2.63
Pete Herman.....	138	5	1	1	7	5.07
Joe Lynch.....	115	7	0	0	7	6.08
Abe Goldstein.....	110	3	2	0	5	4.55
Cannonball Martin						

* * *

THE flyweights haven't had an official status very long, but here is the record of four champions:

Johnny Buff.....	71	2	4	0	6	8.45
Jimmy Wilde.....	128	3	0	1	4	3.12
Pancho Villa.....	94	1	1	0	2	2.13
Frankie Genaro....	54	2	0	0	2	37.1
	347	8	5	1	14	4.04

Then and Now—What a Difference!



Fight fans attending a bout one hundred years ago

But, since I've been looking for defeating records, the champions would seem to be a sorry group to search. They are champions because they have had the power to beat the best men in their respective classes. But defeat comes to them as to all other men.

THE undisputed champion in being beaten, so far as I have been able to discern, is the California middleweight, George Shade. George has been knocked out thirteen times; lost seventeen referee's decisions, and one on a foul. That rugged old New England lightweight, Matty Baldwin, the Denver Cave-Man, Jimmy Hanlon, Irish Johnny Curtin, and other busy fist flingers are well up in the list.

Take a look:

	Bouts	Lost	K.O. by	L— Foul	Total	Average Loss
George Shade	108	17	13	1	31	28.71
Matty Baldwin	201	25	1	1	27	13.46
Jimmy Hanlon	150	23	1	2	26	17.33
Young Montreal	104	21	0	1	22	21.15
Johnny Curtin	115	16	3	1	20	17.31
Kid Broad	62	17	2	1	20	32.25
Midget Smith	72	17	0	2	19	26.39
Roy Moore	70	17	2	0	19	27.14
Pepper Martin	106	11	4	3	18	17.
Redcap Wilson	85	15	3	0	18	21.17
Mickey Brown	90	17	1	0	18	20.
Kid Carter	73	8	7	3	18	24.66

These fellows suffered more defeats than any others disclosed by the record books. They weren't "palookas," either, but capable fighting men. Others had higher "loss averages," but none were whipped as often.

	Bouts	Lost	K.O. by	L— Foul	Total	Average Loss
Bill Squiers	25	0	8	0	8	32.
Joe Bonds	25	6	1	0	7	28.
Joe Choynski	81	4	10	0	14	17.28
Spider Welch	33	7	1	0	8	24.24
Fred Fulton	99	2	6	3	11	11.11
Fay Keiser	81	12	2	0	14	17.28
Al Benedict	80	13	2	0	15	18.75
Joe Beckett	29	3	5	0	8	27.48
Bob Roper	90	16	0	2	18	20.
Marty Burke	68	13	1	0	14	20.61
Dan Creedon	55	6	5	5	14	25.45

Possibly, it isn't an honor to fight for, but a list of the "glass jawed" is herewith appended. There is a peculiarity in the record of Bill Squiers, the Australian bust. Only one of his battles went the limit. He scored sixteen knockouts and was stopped eight times, himself.

Here goes:

	Knocked-Out
George Shade	13
Joe Choynski	10
Young Corbett	9
Bombardier Wells	9
Bill Squiers	8
Eddie Santry	8
Harry Forbes	8
Tiger Flowers	7

I am now at your personal service

Benny Leonard

UNDEFEATED LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

I HAVE retired from the ring, the undefeated lightweight champion of the world. Through clean living, clean fighting, clean training, I have won the esteem of a host of people, and, believe me, I don't purpose to lose that esteem. In fact, I am elated beyond words that I am now in a position to make a contribution for the benefit of the public—the same public which has been so good and so affectionate to me.

All through the years of my intensive preparation and training, first for winning the world's championship and then for holding it against all contenders, I employed, in addition to physical workouts, another policy which the world has never been told of. I can tell it now. It is this: I resorted to scientific study of the human anatomy through books. I don't know if ever a professional boxer did that before. The combination of all these things, the study of the body, the exceptional methods I myself discovered and perfected as a result of my own experimenting, the invaluable experience and opportunity for observation which was mine when I trained thousands upon thousands of Uncle Sam's Doughboys in the war, has enabled me to get at the bottom of this whole subject of physical fitness and culture. And I am going to pass on to the public the results of my findings in the shape of "THE BENNY LEONARD SYSTEM OF PROMOTING PHYSICAL FITNESS."

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It is impossible to tell you about my methods in this space, so I have set down my thoughts in a fascinating booklet, entitled "Now I Can Tell You"—which tells you all about it. If you are already a physical culture fan you will find it entirely different than anything you've ever read on the subject. And, if you are not, you will find it loaded with human interest and many sidelights about my colorful career, which information alone will repay you the minute it will take you to write me to send you a copy. Use this blank; mail it to me today—right now—while it's on your mind.

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Shadows of the Past—Gus Ruhlin

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN—NO. XXVIII

CAN a man who in his youth, possesses a fighting spirit, but is guiltless of boxing science, learn the rudiments of offensive and defensive skill after he has passed the age of twenty? It is possible, but not probable. Ability to avoid attack and to inflict punishment comes instinctively to many boys at an early age.

In a majority of instances, the combative youngster, devoid of boxing skill, who takes up a pugilistic career, relies entirely on his ability to give and to take punishment. If his vitality is great, he may achieve considerable success in the ring, *but* if his capacity for punishment does not equal or exceed his effectiveness in attack, he is soon relegated to pugilistic oblivion.

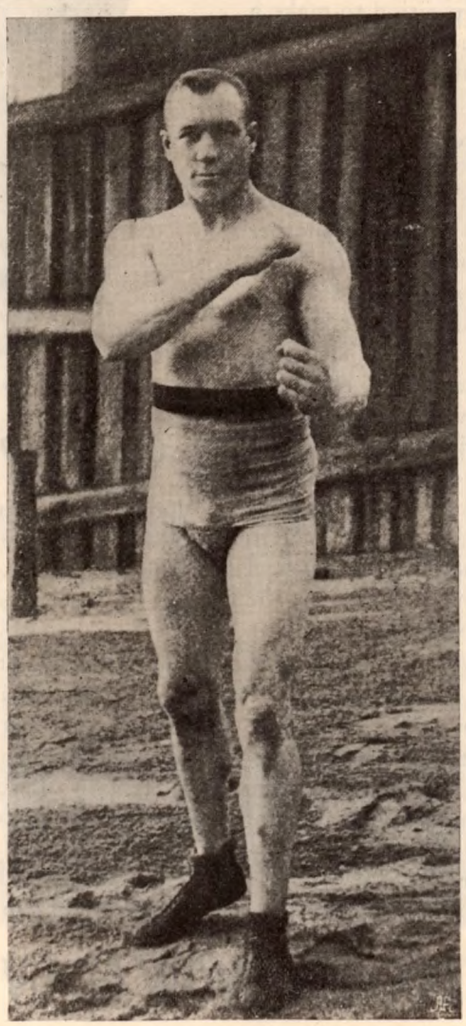
On the other hand, men of inferior physique, but superior boxing skill, have made fame for themselves in the roped square.

Although ring history sustains the belief that a man cannot learn much about correct ring methods after he passes his 20th year, there have been exceptions to the rule, a notable one being furnished by Gus Ruhlin, the "Canton Baggage Smasher."

Ruhlin was born at Canton, Ohio, Jan. 8, 1872, and his first recorded ring battles were fought in 1896, at which time he was 24 years of age. He stood 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighed 182 pounds in condition to fight. Previous to tossing his hat into the ring, Ruhlin was employed in tossing trunks at the Canton railroad depot, and it is reported that he stood the strain much better than the trunks.

Incidentally he developed his strength and muscles to a high degree. His opening ring bouts were contested in his native state, but he did not attract general attention till the fall of 1896, when he outpointed Steve O'Donnell, a gymnasium champion, in a 20-round bout at Akron, O.

O'Donnell was a clever sparrer, but light puncher, and Ruhlin, by a persistent and rushing attack, received the verdict at the close of the bout. O'Donnell was unconvinced, and on May 10, 1897, he met Ruhlin in a 10-round bout at Akron. The Cantonian was again victor, and he thereupon went to California, where he boxed a 20 round draw with Jim Jeffries, also a pugilistic bush leaguer at that period. Ruhlin at this time was taken in hand by Billy Madden, an experienced handler, and formerly a bare knuckle fighter. Madden saw possibilities in Ruhlin and decided to give him the acid test in a 20 round battle with the hard-hitting and resourceful Kid McCoy. The contest took place at Syracuse, May 20, 1898, and the writer got his first glimpse of Ruhlin in action. He proved to be a strong, willing chap, a swinger with both hands, and no defense to speak of.



Gus Ruhlin

For 15 rounds, McCoy cut and slashed the Ohioan in a pitiless manner but was unable to knock the big chap off his feet. McCoy tired of his own exertions and relaxed his efforts. Madden sent Ruhlin in and he swung with redoubled vigor, landing a few blows to the body that slowed McCoy to a walk in the last round. McCoy's ring craft probably saved him from a knockout, but he was a hard breathing, scared boxer when the 20th round ended.

McCoy, of course, got the decision. Madden then decided to match his man against a fighter, rather than a boxer and puncher like McCoy, and picked Tom Sharkey as Ruhlin's next opponent. The men met at the Coney Island A. C., June 29, 1898, and the sailor landed a left on Ruhlin's chin after half a minute of the first round for a complete knockout.

At this point in the proceedings Madden concluded he would have to teach Ruhlin some boxing science before matching him with any more top-notchers. Therefore, Madden began to school Ruhlin in the matter of a straight left, footwork and ducking, things of which Ruhlin had been blissfully ignorant. Ruhlin's next hard test was with the heavy-hitting Peter Maher, the bout being desperately contested. Ruhlin showed improved boxing and hitting form and the verdict was a draw in 20 rounds.

Madden's tuition of Ruhlin had one object always in view—a return bout with Sharkey. This took place June 26, 1900, at Coney Island, and Ruhlin, boxing with great coolness and skill, completely baffled the sailor and knocked him out in the 15th round. Ruhlin, under Madden's teaching, had developed an effective straight left that reached the sailor's face with telling effect. Ruhlin also blocked, ducked and sidestepped in a way to bewilder Sharkey, who had counted on another quick victory.

With a victory over the formidable Sailor, Madden then began to point Ruhlin for a title bout with Jeffries, who had dethroned Fitzsimmons the year previous. The contest took place in Madison Square Garden, August 10, 1900, and it proved the undoing of Ruhlin as a championship prospect. The Ohioan outboxed Fitz for 4 rounds, but in the 5th, Old Freckles unhooked a left shift and a blow to the pit of the stomach that turned the tide of battle in his favor.

Fitz battered Ruhlin to the floor in the 6th round, knocking his opponent senseless. Not only was Ruhlin knocked out, but he had a narrow escape from death. On reaching his dressing room Ruhlin collapsed and was attacked with hemorrhages from the stomach. So serious was his condition that he could not be taken to his home in Brooklyn till 4 o'clock the next morning. He was confined to bed for two weeks, but finally got on his feet. Yet he never fully recovered

(*Continued on page* 15)

Human Frames Differ Radically in Structure

By FRANK G. MENKE

HUMAN frames differ radically in structure. And because of that many men achieve the glory of amazing gameness who really aren't entitled to it, while others are accused of being quitters who perhaps are basically as courageous as any men that live.

Battling Nelson had a jaw and a body impervious to hurts. Year after year the "Durable Dane" took everything the other men could deal out to him, never whimpered, never murmured, never backed away—and finally punched and pounded his way to blood-smeared triumph.

Because of this they called Nelson a wonder of wonders in the matter of gameness.

But was it true gameness?

Courage is never necessary when life flows on like Tennyson's rippling brook, or when there is no pain or terror to subdue and to overcome.

Once Nelson, asked how it was that he could carry on despite the terrific beatings which were doled out to him, said:

"They ain't hurtin' me."

Which was true.

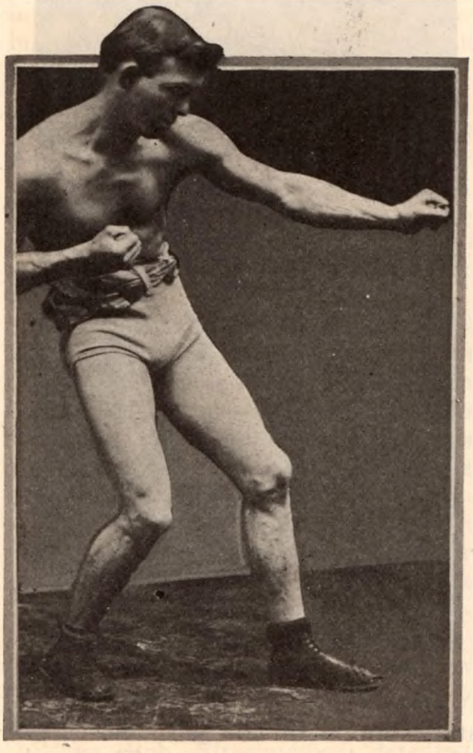
Nelson's body was of such kind that he was almost insensible to pain. Blows that rained upon his head and body in those years never registered within his nervous system. He felt them, of course, but he felt merely the impact and not the pain which they would bring to normal persons.

So the simple fact that Nelson took those punches and never winced does not mean that there was inside him the sublime courage of the Trojans. It meant, more than anything else, that Nelson was blessed by nature with one of those bodies which are almost insensible to pain and suffering.

Jack Dempsey and Harry Greb are types with bodies much like that of Nelson. Each has a heavy, almost rubbery skin covering the face and torso —a splendid protection for the underlying tissues. Each has a cartilageous structure so splendidly knitted that the impact of blows which would drop ordinary men have no definite effect upon them.

The exact opposite type was Bombardier Wells, without doubt the greatest English heavyweight produced in two decades. No fighter ever stepped into the ring more beautifully built than Wells; no man in 20 years knew more about boxing than did Wells.

They have accused Wells of being a bit yellow—or being a rank quitter. Yet those who knew him best, those who studied him and his every characteristic and his every mood, ever have declared that Bombardier Wells was as courageous and as fundamentally game as any fighter that ever climbed through the ropes.



Bat Nelson, whose body was almost insensible to pain

Why then was he victim of so many knockout blows?

The answer seems to come in the fact that the body of Wells was supersensitive in the matter of hurts; that it could not absorb shocks; that his entire structure, powerful on the surface, was weak in its resistance to pain.

Even the most ordinary blow to the point of the Wells' chin would drop him; stomach punches which men like Greb, Dempsey, Jeffries and the others would almost ignore, sent him to the ground. And that was due not to the fact that Wells wanted to "chuck" it, but because there was not resistance within his body; that nature had not given to him the rubbery skin, the solid well knitted bones and nerves insensible to pain and shock which it had given to other men.

And so it is well to remember before praising men for superlative gameness, of condemning others for seeming lack of it, that human bodies, just like human natures, differ to wide extremes.

Shadows of the Past—Gus Ruhlin

(*Continued from page* 14)

from the effects of Fitzsimmons' blows, and his death in 1912, at the age of 40 years, was attributed to the punishment he received in his bout with the Cornishman.

Despite the setback, Madden was still optimistic, and he succeeded in arranging for a match with Jeffries. This was staged in San Francisco, November 15, 1901, and Ruhlin, after receiving heavy body blows, was unable to come out of his corner for the 6th round.

Ruhlin rested until 1902, and then stopped Maher in 2 rounds and Sharkey in 11 rounds. The bout with the sailor took place in the National Sporting Club, London, June 25, 1902, and was one of a series of contests staged as part of the coronation ceremonies in honor of King Edward. The King became ill shortly before the event, which threw a wet blanket on the entire affair.

The National Sporting Club at heavy expense had imported Sharkey, Ruhlin, Tommy Ryan, Johnny Gorman and other classy American boxers, but only a corporal's guard saw the bouts. The club kept faith with the boxers so far as money was concerned and shouldered a heavy loss.

W. A. Gavin, who organized the International Sporting Club here, was then a member of the London Club, and came to this city as the representative of the British organization. Gavin made the matches in the Gilsey House, Broadway and 29th St., where Al Smith and all prominent boxing men made their headquarters.

Ruhlin's career proves that it is possible to inculcate pugilistic science in a strong, awkward, willing man in his 24th year. Therefore, there is hope for Firpo, if he will listen to reason and the advice of a competent trainer.

My Hardest Fight

By PANCHO VILLA
World's Flyweight Champion
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WHO gave me my hardest fight? Let me think. We-l-l, we-l-l, that's a tough one. Can't for the life of myself think who it was. I know that in the fifty odd battles I have fought in America prior to going back for a little vacation to Manila, I wasn't even forced to extend myself in any one of them. If that's egotism, kindly inform my contenders to make the most of it.

Who gave me my hardest fight? Let's see. Oh, yes; I finally thought up one. You'd be surprised to learn who it was, Signor Michael Ballerino, that's his name.

What a fight! I knew I was in a battle from the tap of the first gong. Mike was in Manila with Uncle Sam's forces. I am talking about the early part of 1921. Boxing had become the rage in the Philippines. Any bout drew a big "gate." I was just coming along then, fighting in spots.

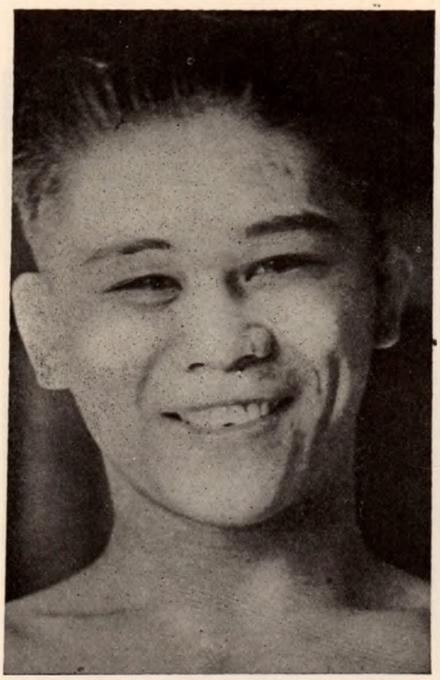
BALLERINO had a chip on his shoulder. He dared any of the Filipinos to knock it off. He looked like a tough kid, and for a while I didn't relish the idea of tackling him. I wasn't afraid of him, but I thought he knew more about the manly art of self-defense than I did, and I didn't want to have my record of many victories knocked sky high.

It had to come, however, so I decided to fight him. There was nothing left for me to do but to have it out with him. Both of us weighed 111 pounds.

Frank Churchill, who was running the Olympic Stadium at Manila, made the match. I shall never forget that night. The arena was packed like sardines with Filipinos, who had come to cheer for me, and hundreds of American soldiers were there to root for Ballerino. He was their pride and joy. It was labelled for the championship and all that and it called for fifteen rounds. Up to that time I hadn't fought much over six and ten stanzas.

IF I ever prayed I almost said my prayers aloud when I saw Ballerino come rushing at me at the tap of the first gong. He was headed for nowhere in particular, because I had sense enough to duck his right. The more he missed the faster he came tearing in, throwing both hands to the four winds. There was no stopping him. I knew I was in a fight, and, boy, oh, boy, how I jumped around to evade his wild lunges!

The soldiers were cheering loudly when the first round ended. Mike thought he was fighting a set-up. His handlers urged him to take me in the next. I got my left in motion and



Pancho Villa

stuck him with left jabs and hooks whenever he got near me. That maddened him. He kept piling in, trusting to luck to get one over and knocking me out. Now and then he grazed the jaw with trip-hammer rights, but Lady Luck was with me that night or else I'd been knocked for a row of tenement brick houses.

He hurt me with a right in the body starting the third, and I thought I saw stars. But the old reliable left came to the rescue, and in this way I managed to hold him at bay. He hurt me once or twice again in the fifth. He was as fresh as a daisy starting the sixth, in spite of the fast pace he was setting.

LIKE a bomb out of a clear sky he landed a terrific right on the jaw in the seventh. I was dazed for a second, and as he came leaping in to finish me I let fly an uppercut which set him back on his heels. The impact of the punch stunned him and he almost stood still in the middle of the ring, wondering what it was all about. For the first time my comrades had a chance to cheer, and you should have heard them. It tickled me. Greatest reception I ever had tendered me.

Was Ballerino through? Not so you could notice it. He was like an enraged animal in the eighth. He came head on, determined to finish the thing. But I was on my mettle, evaded his wild rushes and kept pumping in left jabs to the mouth and right crosses to the jaw, which stopped him dead in his tracks.

Both of us were strong at the tenth and we fought all over the place. I wasn't afraid of his wild rights because I could see them coming a mile away. He carried the fight to me, and that was just to my liking. The faster the pace he set the quicker I countered with the left. If I didn't know how to use my left I was a gonner. But, thank my lucky stars, it was working to perfection.

BALLERINO got the jump starting the twelfth and he rained blows on my face and body. He rushed me to a neutral corner. Foolishly I clinched. On the inside he pummeled me until I thought my body would be severed from the legs and head. Wow, how he punched me! I imagine I can still feel the effects of the heavy blows.

I turned the tide in the thirteenth, in which I punished him severely. I might as well have been hitting a wall, all the good it did, because he kept tearing in after me, anxious to swap punches at close quarters. But none of that for mine.

I staggered him with a left hook on the point of the chin after a minute and a half of furious milling in the fourteenth. I thought I had him sure. It seemed he was about to go down, but I made the mistake of going away instead of following him up. I wasn't taking any chances. He got his bearings quicker than I thought and the next thing I knew I was up against the ropes getting punched in the body. The wicked smashes hurt, believe me.

When the last bell sounded I was happy, but not so with Mike. He was ready to travel another five rounds. At least that's what he told me. "Come on and fight all over again." he commanded.

(*Continued on page* 17)

Once Famous Welterweight Lays Aside Gloves

George Green, of Olympic Club, San Francisco, Retires After Long and Eventful Career

(By OWEN MERRICK)

(Boxing Expert of San Francisco Bulletin)

THE long arm of the law today reaches out for evaders of the prohibition act. Just 26 years ago this long arm, handled with purpose, gave George Green, veteran boxer and former claimant of the welterweight title, the hardest fight of his career. Charley Goff, at present engaged in running to earth purveyors of illicit liquor, succumbed to the punches of Green after 19 rounds of as fierce battling as has been witnessed in San Francisco.

George Green has tossed aside his gloves. The former instructor of boxing at the Olympic Club, who for 36 years has been identified with that organization, has been retired on a pension. His heart was always wrapped up in things Olympian and during his days as mentor of the young boxers he has turned out many championship teams.

"It certainly was fine of the directors of the club to reward me in this manner. I didn't expect it. I thought when the time came for me to pack away the Levisons in moth balls that I would be just let out. So you can appreciate how I feel about the manner in which I was treated by that organization," said Green to us the other day.

GEORGE GREEN met the best of them in his day and was able to score victories over men who were champions in the old days and would still be kings of the ring at the present time. Joe Walcott, "Mysterious" Billy Smith, Tommy Ryan, Dan Creedon and other big figures of a former day swapped punches with the San Francisco boy, who claimed the welterweight title when he defeated "Mysterious" Billy Smith back in 1897.

"Goff gave me the hardest battle of my career," said Green in speaking of his ring battles. "I finally won in the 19th round, but I was glad when it was all over. That night I was in the pink of condition. Here I was at my top form, wading in and out against Goff, who rocked me every round with his long left. Groggy at the end of every round, only my superb condition kept me going, and I finally was able to land the finisher."

Green broke into the game at the age of 17 as an amateur at the Olympic Club, getting his first training in the ring from Jim Corbett, who was instructor at that time. He won the featherweight title of the club in 1889 and the lightweight championship for the next two years. Then he broke into the professional ranks the following year, meeting Jim Whalen in San Francisco.

DURING these days there was much more interest in amateur boxing than there is at the present time. Such clubs as the Olympic, Hayes Valley, Alliance, Acme and others had large teams entered in the amateur tourneys.

Professional boxing became a dead letter between 1892 and 1896 and Green went East at the request of Jim Corbett. His parents objected to his appearing in the professional ranks and as a result he was given the name of Young Corbett.

Boxing came back into its own in San Francisco in 1896, when Green, by working up an affair for charity, beat Danny Needham in an eight-round affair. He followed this up with victories over such great ring generals as Owen Ziegler, Tom Tracy and Charley McKeever.

When Bob Fitzsimmons defeated Jim Corbett at Carson in 1897 Green and "Mysterious" Billy Smith were the added attractions. Smith had been winning from the topnotchers with regularity, but Green beat the visitor in a great fight. Late this year he lost to Joe Walcott in the 18th round and the following February was beaten by Tommy Ryan after a long battle.

GREEN remained in active competition for ten years, retiring in 1899, and from then on at various times instructed in boxing. He soon returned to the Olympic Club, where he has been turning out amateur champions with regularity.

When asked whom he regarded as the greatest figures in the game at the various weights, Green said that Tommy Ryan was a wonder as a ring general, perhaps the greatest in the business. Green differs with many former boxers in his selections, which are as follows:

Bantamweight—Jim Barry.

Featherweight—Ike Weir.

Lightweight—Jack McAuliffe and Kid Lavigne.

Welterweight—"Mysterious" Billy Smith.

Middleweight—Bob Fitzsimmons.

Light Heavyweight—Bob Fitzsimmons.

Heavyweight—Jim Corbett for cleverness; John L. Sullivan as a fighter.

MY HARDEST FIGHT

(Continued from page 16)

WHEN announcement was made that it was a draw a riot ensued. The American soldiers thought their man won and the Filipinos naturally figured I had the better of the argument. Several free-for-all fights started and they had to call the police to prevent bloodshed.

I came out of the fight unscathed, but take it from me, I felt the punches Mike landed on me for several days.

I wasn't so adept at infighting in those days, and worst of all, I was not so good on the defense. But I learned a good deal about both during that scrap. We fought four or five times after that and I beat him handily in every start. Just before I started my trip half way around the world we clashed in twenty rounds, and I was awarded the decision. But all of our battles after that first fifteen-rounder were tame. I had his number.

Churchill, who manages me, liked Mike's stubbornness and thought he had the makings of a good fighter, so when he returned home Frank put him in the stable. Frankie Mason was the only American who made me step fast.

It may surprise you to learn that I never came out of a fight in America with a bloody nose. Most of them were just mere workouts, especially my two battles with Abe Goldstein.

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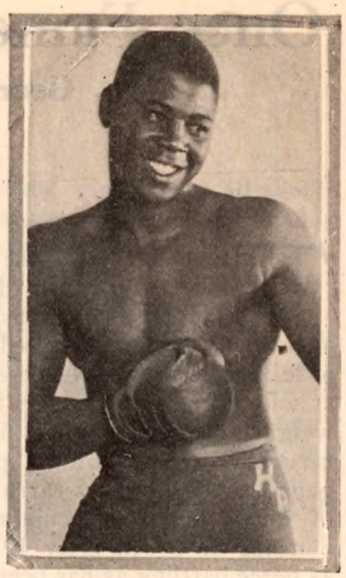
Battling Kelly, of Richmond, Va., one of the best junior lightweights in the South.

Bobby Amster, so-called lightweight champion of Virginia, who seeks trouble in New York.

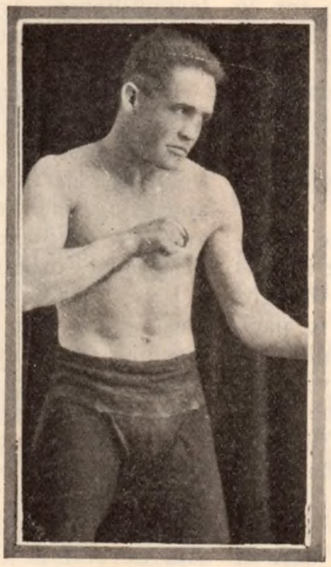
Doc Hess, Chicago middleweight. He is in the navy, now stationed at Ford Island.



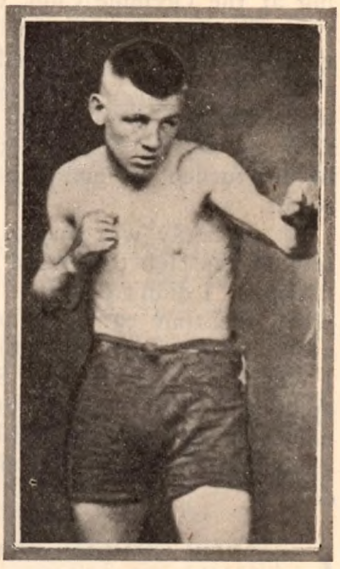
Oscar Battiste, Chicago middleweight, who has titular aspirations.

Billy Pollock, Scranton, Pa., lightweight, who packs a heavy punch.

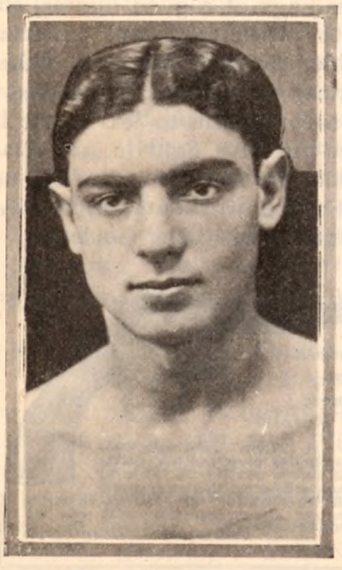
Mike Chapin, of Scranton, Pa., junior lightweight, eager to fight in New York.



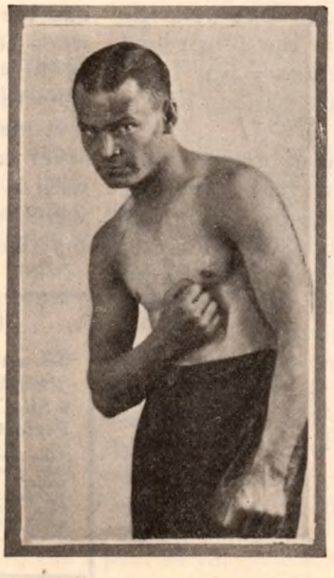
Joe Holland, lightweight prospect of Bredenbury, Saskatchewan, Canada.



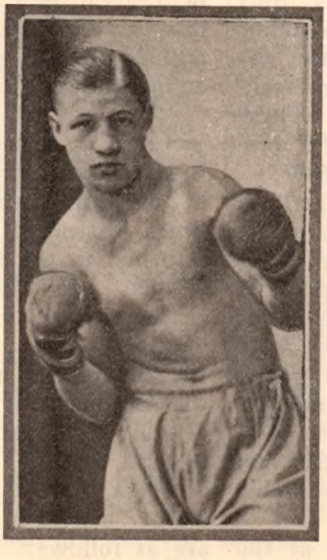
Chubby Brown, junior welterweight of Rochester, N. Y. His friends will back him to the limit.



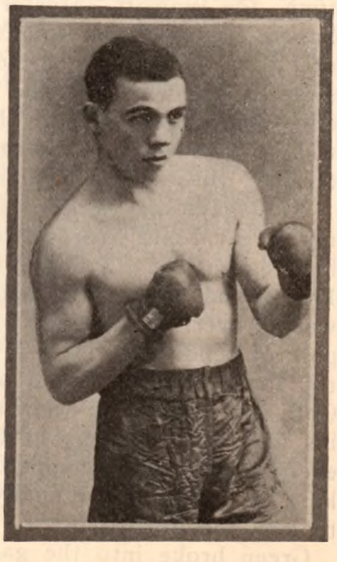
Young Lew Baker, junior lightweight of Philadelhpia, who is coming to the fore.



Tommy Hughes, latest flyweight sensation of Detroit, who is creating a furore in mid-west circles.

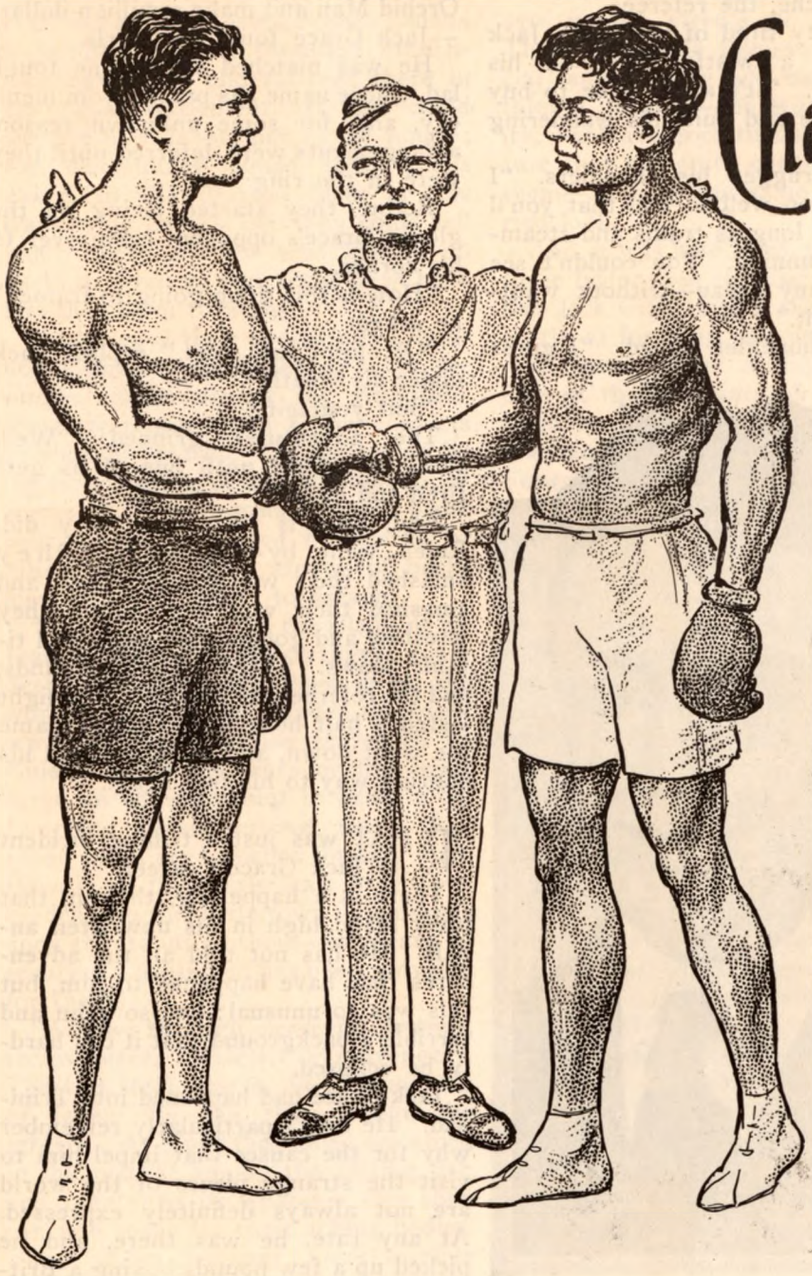


Len Burman, lightweight of promise, hailing from the State of Wisconsin.



Jackie Brady, Syracuse featherweight, a younger brother of Ralph.

Which of these Boxers Will Win?



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Jack Grace, The Swashbuckler

By J. C. KOFOED

IF you know the adventurers of the ring to whom the thumping of heads is the sweetest music in the world you must know Jack Grace, 58 years old, temporarily residing in Cleveland.

He may breeze into a Broadway resort from the hot sands of Peru, while waiting to catch a deep-sea schooner to China, or ride the rods across the continent. You would not pick him out of a crowd for a dare-devil. There are grey streaks in his hair and lines in his face and a moulding of fat is beginning to show about his waist. But he is still as keen for the siren song of distant places as he ever was. He is always dreaming about what may be hidden behind the ranges, and is always in a hurry to get there, and see.

Jack Grace is the champion slugger of more territory than all the others combined. Who is the champion of China, of Patagonia, of Siberia, of the Canary Islands, of a dozen outlandish places that most folks never heard of.

Jack Grace!

Think of some no-account, far away place, and write to the newspaper there—if there is a newspaper—asking who is the belt-holder.

They'll answer, "Jack Grace."

He has fought for money and he has fought for fun and he has fought for his life too often to take account of. Had he not been possessed of superb nerve and strength and the ability to wriggle out of tight corners he would have been dead many years ago.

* * *

IN a way he is a rough, hewn copy of that ancient swashbuckler, Benvenuto Cellini, lacking only the latter's artistry and love for the fair and frail. There is the wandering spirit of a Magellan in his heart, and he owns the fighting tiger that beat in Sir Henry Morgan's bosom. Jack Grace sometimes tires of the grind. Years at death, and he is still about to laugh and revel in adventure's thrill.

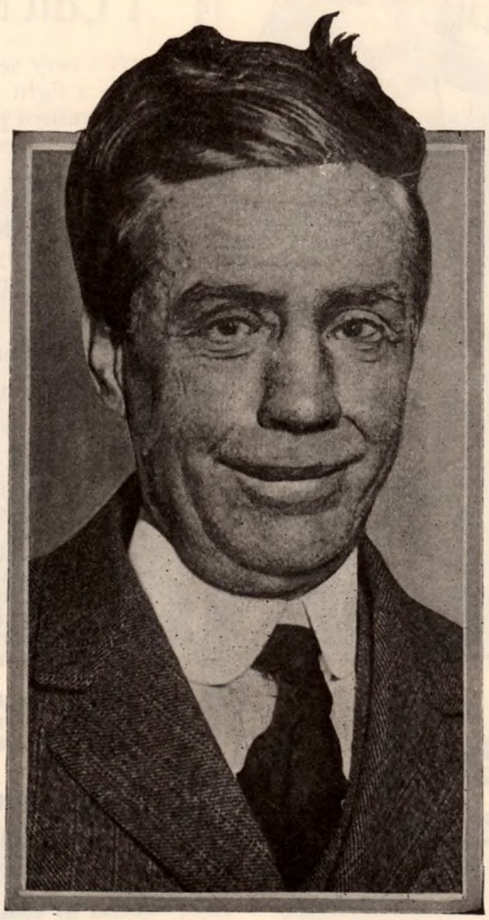
He was never a fighter to be taken seriously when champions of the world were being discussed. He was just an adventurer with a knack of using his fists, and his deeds are epics that should not be forgotten by those who love red blood and the surge of action. In the August issue of THE RING, we gave a little historic sketch of Grace, but in the story we recount some of his deeds never before recorded.

Like race horses and old wanderers Grace sometimes tires of the grind. Years ago I met him in the company of Billy Roche, the referee.

"I'm pretty tired of this life," Jack complained, a wistful look on his rugged face. "It's about time to buy a little home and quit this wandering around."

Roche shrugged his shoulders. "I know you too well to feel that you'll ever quit so long as trains and steamboats are running. You couldn't see an ocean—any ocean—without wanting to cross it."

The swashbuckler sighed. "I guess



Jack Grace

you're right," he said with a tremble in his voice. "I'd stay just so long, and then the road would begin talking to me o' nights, and I'd be off on another long jaunt."

How well he knew himself!

Two days later he was winging his way toward Port Arthur, where an American named John Barnes was running a boxing club. Barnes had promised him a chance to earn a penny, and off Jack hopped. The call o' the road had come again.

Before Georges Carpentier left his grimy home in Lens to make pugilistic history in France—to be dubbed the Orchid Man and make a million dollars—Jack Grace fought in Paris.

He was matched with some tough lad, whose name has passed from memory, and, for some unknown reason, arrangements were deferred until they were in the ring.

Before they started lacing on the gloves Grace's opponent came over to his corner.

"How is this thing going to frame?" he asked.

"Oh, fight any way," replied Jack under his breath.

"Suit yourself."

The adventurer grinned. "Well, then, let's fight until one of us gets tired and quits."

And, that is just what they did. Rules went by the board. They smashed their way into clinches, and smashed their way out again. They wrestled and gouged and unleashed titanic blows. There were no rounds, and the referee was helpless. The fight lasted a half hour until Grace's game foe went down, and could not pull his panting way to his feet again.

* * *

THAT was just a trifling incident in Jack Grace's career.

There is a happening, though, that must stand high in his unwritten annals. He has not told all the adventures that have happened to him, but this was so unusual; had so grim and terrible a background that it can hardly be eclipsed.

Jack Grace had happened into Trinidad. He didn't particularly remember why for the causes that impel him to visit the strange places of the world are not always definitely expressed. At any rate, he was there, and he picked up a few pounds boxing a British black policeman for the pleasure of the colonials.

It happened that this negro was something of a hero among the members of his race. He had captured a draggled, frenzied convict who had escaped from the French penal settlement in Guiana, and had received the usual three dollar reward. He was bragging and boastful, and even the whipping Grace gave him didn't shake his self esteem.

After the fight Jack foregathered with his new made English friends for a convivial bite and sup. During the meal he asked about Guiana. It was

new to him, and because it was new, it called loudly.

"Tell me about it," he said.

A big, bearded Englishman hammered his fist on the table until the glasses of whisky and soda danced.

"I'll tell you," he cried. "If there ever was a hell on earth French Guiana is just that. Forty thousand Frenchmen have lived and suffered there in the penal settlement. If you could ask the hard labor men in the jungle; the disciplinary squad that works naked in the Maroni bush or the traitors on Devil's Isle they could tell you. There are few who live to go back to France, and those few have lost the power to weep.

"Most leave their bodies in the Bamboo Cemetery of Cayenne, or in the jungle. Some die on the guillotine some are murdered by fellow convicts or shot by guards. Others perish by the slow rotting of anklyostomasis, or starve or go raving mad in the black cells, or are devoured by sharks or killed by the poison arrows of bushmen in a wild effort to escape.

"There's more. On the island of St. Jean de Maroni is the strangest, maddest, most miserable town in all the world—St. Laurent. Under the penal laws of France those sentenced to Guiana for seven years or less must serve an equal amount in exile in St. Laurent; those serving more than seven years are banished for life. And, though all these criminals have been herded into this little town—thousands upon thousands of them—no means of securing a livelihood has been provided for them.

"A few, through powerful friends, secure places as clerks or scavengers. The rest steal, starve, die by hundreds of fever. By day they trudge the streets. At night they sleep crammed in the market among the rotting fish and vegetables or wherever else they can find space for their aching bodies. There is no stranger, more terrible sight in the world than these uncounted ragamuffins on their daily sentry-go. If ever there was a blot on the civilization of the world it lies there in French Guiana."

JACK GRACE flushed. The strangest sight in the world! He must see it!

"I'm going to St. Jean de Maroni," he said.

When the swashbuckler decided that he was going somewhere it took more than trifles to stop him. He enlisted the aid of his English friends. There was much running to and fro, and signing of official papers. And then Jack Grace went to St. Jean.

Now, Grace can very fairly be placed in the category of the hard boiled. In his many years of roaming he has seen bitter sights not vouchsafed to the eye of the normal, easy going man.

But he was shocked by the sight he saw in the streets of St. Laurent. Those miserable thousands of all social ranks, young and old, murderers, thieves, forgers—the scum of humanity, who have gone through all the torture that humanity could mete out to them—all bore the same beaten, harried look.

And, it was here in St. Laurent, with these bitter men forming his audience that Jack Grace fought the most curious battle of his long and curious career.

It came about strangely enough. One of the sergeants of the guard, a huge, broken nosed, thick muscled fellow from Ille de Re, of the name of Fournier, had spent some of his youth in London. He saw prize-fights there, and yearned to become one of the idols of the ring. He was still harboring the dream of a boxing career that never was to come true.

He learned that Jack Grace was a fighter. He mulled it over in his small brain, as he drank in the barracks. Why shouldn't he have one fight, at least, with a professional. He was much bigger and stronger than this American. Everything favored a victory for him.

Flushed and excited, he went out into the streets of St. Laurent, seeking the pugilist from over seas.

Grace, of course, knew nothing of that then. He was sick already of the horror of this frightful town, and quite willing to get away as soon as possible.

Fournier strutted through the streets. The exiles shrank away from him, giving his as much room as they could, for this sergeant was a bully, and many of them had tasted his brutality. It was easy to see that he was seeking trouble.

HE found it in the square. Grace was standing there, talking with a gaunt-faced young man, who had been to America, and who spoke English quite well. The swashbuckler had no hint of impending trouble, least of all from one of those in authority—or semi-authority.

The sergeant elbowed into Grace, and thrust the exile away with such force that the young fellow almost went to his knees. There was a nasty leer on his face.

"You are the prize-fighter, eh?" he said. *"Cochon!* I could break you with my bare hands."

"Beat it!" said Grace. "You're drunk."

Fournier dove into his pocket, and brought out a fifty franc note. "I will fight you for this. You think to avoid it? You see these men."

He waved a burly arm toward the milling group of harried, sullen thugs who had gathered around. "I lash them to their kennels. They fear me, and will do anything—even to making you disappear—if I but suggest it. If I do, Monsieur de la Boxe, there will not be a large enough scrap of you left to satisfy one of those starving dogs you see sniffing at the swill barrels. Now, will you fight?"

Grace laughed. "There's a gadget loose in your upper story. Beat it or I'll turn you in."

Then Fournier struck him in the face.

A milder spirited man than Jack Grace would have plunged headlong into a fight on that provocation. Fournier, who towered above him, was grinning. They had been surrounded in an instant by the grimy mob, halted on its endless sentry-go by the prospect of a thrust of excitement in their drab and pitiless lives.

The swashbuckler stepped back, took off his coat, removed its contents to his trousers pocket, for he knew that his chances of seeing it again were one in a million. Then he rolled up his sleeves. He wasn't quite sure how he stood here. It was a cinch that the sergeant was not popular with these hopeless wretches whom he had bullied, but on the other hand they might be willing to harm the stranger to curry favor with him.

However, there was no time to worry about that. There was a fight ahead of him—a fight against a man who was some four inches taller and fifty pounds heavier than himself. Jack felt quite confident of the outcome, but he was uneasy as to what might happen at the finish.

Fournier, who had stripped to his undershirt, exhibited a vast pair of shoulders, and perfectly enormous arms. He struck a pose, his left hand outstretched stiffly, and then rushed.

THE men of St. Laurent had formed a tight circle around them. There was little opportunity for footwork, so Jack stood his ground and met Fournier with a stiff jab that brought a smear of blood from his nose; then hooked him twice on the jaw before he could recover.

Fournier, mad with rage, refused to retreat. His best chance of winning

(*Continued on page* 31)

As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER

Publisher and Editor of THE RING

Dempsey Must Fight Wills

HARRY WILLS, through a mandate of the New York State Boxing Commission, has finally been named as the man whom Jack Dempsey must first meet if the champion intends to don the gloves again in the Empire State. The issue no longer could be dodged. Wills filed a challenge and the boxing board accepted this defi and issued an ultimatum to Dempsey. To this ultimatum, Dempsey has replied as follows:

"I don't see what the New York Commission has to do with my title," Dempsey said. "I have said a thousand times that I would fight Wills and no one has called me on it. The commission, if it wants to force me to fight Wills, ought to get a promoter to make an offer and then see what I would do."

His manager, Jack Kearns, in even stronger words, has made public the following reply:

"We are not under the jurisdiction of the New York Commission," Kearns said, "and we will take no orders about any matches. I am the only one to decide Dempsey's opponents. The New York Commission didn't give Dempsey the heavyweight title and the commission can't take it away. Dempsey is willing to fight any one and any time provided a suitable purse is offered by a competent promoter."

* * *

DEMPSEY'S tactics with regards to Wills are hard to understand. Close followers of boxing hold that Dempsey has nothing to fear from the New Orleans negro. Wills is admittedly clever but he is not a particularly hard hitter. He is said to have bad hands and fears to let loose with them. Dempsey, on the other hand, is fast and a terrific puncher. Why, then, all the delay and dodging? It is apparent that the champion has been advised badly.

There isn't the shadow of a doubt that Wills and Tom Gibbons are the leaders of that small coterie of heavyweights who may be termed contenders. The noun "contender" always has been very elastic in boxing and in this case is more elastic than ever. The manner in which Wills handled the slow and lumbering Firpo made the negro a logical candidate for a fight with Dempsey. However, every effort is being bent by the champion's forces to bring about a second Dempsey-Gibbons bout and shun Wills entirely.

* * *

Wills Entitled to Chance for Crown

THIS should not be so. There are many admirers of Gibbons who feel that Tom should get the first crack at Dempsey because he is the only fighter who ever lasted the limit with the heavyweight champion and the arguments of these fight fans are very convincing. Yet the fact remains that Wills has done everything required of him and should be treated the same as any other challenger. There is no reason why a Dempsey-Gibbons fight cannot be arranged, but a Dempsey-Wills battle should precede such contest.

The writer is one of many thousands of boxing fans who believe that Jack Dempsey will whip Wills and that by a knockout in less than ten rounds should they ever meet, yet he feels, as do many others, that Wills, who is a credit to his profession, should receive fair treatment.

WILLS stood out as a challenger long before Gibbons was recognized as a contender; long before Firpo was regarded with anything like seriousness; long before the rest of that half-baked crew which barks at the heels of the champion was given any recognition.

The one uncomplimentary fact which stands out in the history of John L. Sullivan is his attitude toward Peter Jackson. The Boston strongboy refused to have anything to do with the negro. Jackson now is regarded by many as the greatest heavyweight in the history of boxing. There were thousands in Sullivan's heyday who held similar ideas.

However, it is not our intention here to start that controversy all over again. We cite the Sullivan-Jackson situation merely as an index to what Dempsey may expect if he further ignores the challenges of Wills. Dempsey never has drawn the color line. Sullivan never would fight a negro. What excuse is there for Dempsey's action? If Dempsey figures that delay means that Wills is aging the title holder must not forget that he is aging himself. Dempsey has passed his peak. And Dempsey knows that.

* * *

Mandell Beats Terris

BY beating Sid Terris, of New York, Sammy Mandell, of Rockford, Ill., recently placed himself at the peak of the lightweight situation. Terris is by no means eliminated as a contender. On the contrary, the Metropolitan star still is very much in the scrap for the championship.

Terris lost the bout because of two big reasons—his failure to keep up a fair pace in the last two rounds of the twelve round fracas, and his failure to try to win on points. Behind these main factors lies the mistake of having trained and worked with the idea of winning by a knockout and by a knockout alone. Had Terris taken the fight as a matter to be won on points he might have won in spite of his other handicaps.

Terris never was in serious danger. Mandell was in jeopardy at least four times. In the third round Mandell was practically out but his fighting instinct made him carry on. Terris did not know enough to press his advantage in spite of his determination to win with a knockout. Terris, having hurt his man, retreated. Mandell, having been hurt, pressed on. There you have the vital reason for the defeat of the favorite.

* * *

Mandell Enters Tourney

THE lightweight elimination tourney to date has presented nothing to be excited over. With the failure to obtain the entries of such leaders in the class as Sid Terris, Jack Bernstein, Johnny Dundee, Rocky Kansas and Pal Moran, the tournament, which was designed to obtain a successor to Benny Leonard, has simmered down to a second rate proposition. Fortunately the New York State Boxing Board has finally cornered Sammy Mandell and received his entry, otherwise the tourney would have gone down as a big flivver. Sammy ranks as the class of the tournament and should gain the title vacated by Benny Leonard. Aside from Mandell there is no fighter in the entire American entry over whom any one can become excited except Solly Seaman.

With Mandell, Terris and Dundee originally out of the competition, the tournament idea took a flop and as it was realized the tourney at its best, then became only a second

class affair. Only George Chaney, "knockout king," and Jack Bernstein, former junior lightweight champion and the most feared of the entrants, hand any class at all. Fortunately Mandell has reconsidered and entered.

Then there suddenly developed another unlooked for situation when Chaney was knocked out by Tommy O'Brien of Milwaukee after Tom was all but put to sleep himself by his opponent, and Bernstein developed a sudden attack of some kind of ailment which "forced" him to withdraw, leaving a very poor field still in the running. Following that sad break, the New York Boxing Commission found itself still further embarrassed so far as its championship tourney was concerned when Archie Walker, seeing that all elimination bouts were catering to a mere handful of spectators became "ill" and retired from the competition without meeting Solly Seaman.

The tournament idea was a splendid one when first developed by the New York Commission and received our hearty support, but at the time when the original announcement was made the outlook was exceedingly bright with the entries of the leading lightweights of the world as contenders for the crown made vacant by the retirement of Benny Leonard. But with Chaney and Bernstein refusing to fight, there is not an outstanding contender in the lot remaining with the exception of Mandell. He is at present the outstanding figure and will undoubtedly come through a victor.

* * *

Leonard's Physical Culture Course

THE past month has seen the entrance of two famous boxers into a new business field. Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, has opened a gymnasium on the Coast and Benny Leonard, undefeated, retired lightweight champion, has decided to throw his lot in the future in the field of physical culture. Leonard, who still is engaged in vaudeville on the Keith circuit, realizes that sooner or later his popularity will wane and with that his drawing power on the stage will take a decided tumble, hence, to protect himself against the future, he has wisely decided upon a business career which is certain to yield him splendid financial returns and enable him to keep himself in the pink of condition.

Leonard's entrance into the field of physical culture means that thousands of persons who are certain to become his pupils will reap the benefit of Leonard's great knowledge of "keeping fit." With a little effort on their part, with close attention to the points Benny brings out in his splendid training course which the writer personally has tried out to his advantage for the past month, the number of pale-faced, sallow-cheeked, dyspeptic individuals should be greatly diminished.

THE RING congratulates Leonard on his new undertaking and feels confident that the same success which marked Leonard's pugilistic career will be his in the field of physical culture.

* * *

Precedent Established

ANOTHER precedent has been established by the New York State Boxing Commission which is likely to open the way for protests every time a fight gathering is dissatisfied or a beaten boxer feels he has been unjustly dealt with. We refer to the action of Walter Hooke, Deputy Commissioner, in overruling the Referee Jim Crowley and ordering a fight to continue after the referee had disqualified Joe Dundee of Baltimore for going down without being hit and awarded the decision in the lightweight elimination championshp tournament bout to Charley O'Connell of Cleveland.

While such overruling of the referee in this particular case was justified, we feel that it is for the best interests of the sport that outside interference in such matters is a grave error.

THE RING has been asked by many of its readers whether Mr. Hooke had any authority to reverse the decision of Referee Crowley and to this we give an affirmative answer. Our reasons are based on the fact the referee erred in disqualifying Dundee when he went down without being hit because under the Marquis of Queensberry rules a fighter is entitled to a count of nine seconds before he is counted out and this Dundee did not have.

When Dundee was floored by a solid right, he was uncertain whether to arise immediately or take the count permitted by the rules. He made an attempt to arise but before he got into fighting position, he changed his mind and went down. Dundee was within his rights in this case, as it was the duty of the referee to continue the count until nine had been tolled off before ruling O'Connell the winner. Apparently Referee Crowley lost his head, for had he kept counting when Dundee went down after attempting to arise, there would have been no such riotous mixup as greeted his decision and caused a reversal by Walter Hooke.

* * *

Misinterpreted Rules

THE rules of boxing in New York State and every State that has commission rule patterned after the code of the Empire State, specifically states that a boxer shall be disqualified if he goes down without being hit. But the rules also state that a boxer shall be given the full benefit of the count of nine before being counted out.

Hence, if a boxer should go down without a blow being struck, he would automatically be disqualified, but on the other hand, if he is felled with a blow by an opponent, the referee must start the count and continue the count until ten is tolled off unless the boxer arises to a fighting position.

If the fallen boxer starts to arise, but has not reached a fighting position and then suddenly decides to take advantage of the full count before getting up, the referee must continue the count and cannot disqualify the fallen boxer for going down without being struck.

It was that important point that Referee Crowley overlooked and on which he pulled his now famous boner, and the fight fans who were enraged over Crowley's decision had a good reason for being incensed. Summing the situation up, therefore, we must give Walter Hooke credit for saving a very awkward situation and righting a wrong committed by the erroneous interpretation of rules by an honest and capable referee.

* * *

Haley's Fine Judgment

WHILE on the subject of reversals, let us not forget the action of Referee Patsy Haley in the Tiger Flowers-Jack Delaney fight in Madison Square Garden. In this contest, as in the O'Connell-Dundee tilt, it was the quick action and good judgment of Commissioner Hooke that prevented a possible riot, and what is more important, the possible repeal of the boxing law.

A situation confronted the highly competent Haley which was the direct opposite of that which Crowley faced. Here Flowers, in a mixup near the ropes in the corner where the writer was sitting, received a hard right uppercut on the jaw and the negro went down. He seemed to be all dazed and arose before the count had started and walked toward a neutral corner while Delaney stepped in the opposite direction.

Haley, seeing Flowers get up without a count, yelled to Delaney to come and fight. Jack rushed toward the corner where Flowers was standing in a daze and started a right. Just as he started the punch, Flowers sank to the floor without being hit.

Delaney, instead of pulling the punch, let it fly and it landed on Flowers's temple.

(*Continued on page 24*)

Jeffries-Sharkey Battle Hardest Fight He Ever Saw

(*Continued from page 6*)

dition fairly shrieked aloud against it. For example, Gans had absolutely no business fighting Young Erne at the old Broadway Athletic Club in New York in 1900. Gans was very ill indeed but he needed the money and went in to risk health as well as reputation. Erne beat him in twelve rounds.

However, when Gans was right he met Erne again in 1902 and knocked out the Buffalo lightweight in the first round.

Gans had no right to fight Battling Nelson out at Goldfield in 1906. The negro was in very poor condition and he helped himself none by making weight for Nelson. The combination of ill health and reducing sowed the seeds of tuberculosis and led to Gans's death in 1910.

When Gans was right, in his prime, he was in a class by himself.

McAULIFFE was a lightweight of the old school, who could box and who could hit and who wasn't afraid to defend his title against all comers. He was one of the very few to retire undefeated while holding a world's championship. McGovern was a raging tornado, the most dynamic boxer in the history of the ring.

Who was the greatest heavyweight? It's hard to say. Jack Johnson undoubtedly was a wonder, but I am inclined toward Jim Corbett. He was easily the cleverest big man the game ever has developed and more than that, he was the finest influence which ever has come into boxing.

Corbett, fast and clever and no mean hitter, was as impressive outside of the ring as he was inside the roped arena. He did boxing a tremendous good and put the sport in favor with people who hitherto had set boxing down as the game of the bully, the blackguard and the sure thing gambler. Corbett attracted to boxing some of the best people in this country.

In so far as skill was concerned, just look back at what Corbett did to Jeffries in their fight at Coney Island on May 11, 1900. Jeffries won by a knockout in the twenty-third round but Corbett had cut the big fellow to ribbons and had the decision on points with ease. However, Corbett got careless. He will admit that now—and he lost a fight that should have been his.

JIM should have been the first heavyweight champion in ring history to come back and regain the title after once having lost it. But the Fates would not have it that way. Jim's fight against Jeffries was a wonderful exhibition, particularly in view of the fact that three years had elapsed since Fitzsimmons had taken the championship from Corbett at Carson City.

Jim had not fought since November, 1898, when he lost on a foul to Sharkey. Corbett's fight against Jeffries stands out as the most noteworthy comeback in the records of the ring.

Boxing owes a lot to Benny Leonard, too. The retired lightweight champion, like Corbett, brought a remarkable influence into the sport and raised it in the esteem of the general public. The value of this influence cannot be overestimated.

The sport now is on a sound basis and is under splendid control. The modern day has produced many a great fight and many a great fighter, but it has not changed my impressions on Jeffries and Sharkey—and Gans, McAuliffe and McGovern.

Editorial Comment

(*Continued from page 23*)

Quick Thinking Necessary

NOW here was a situation which required quick thinking. Flowers, having arisen before a count was started after the right uppercut floored him, had under the rules resumed his fighting position. In going down the second time, therefore, without being hit by Delaney, the negro automatically disqualified himself.

Patsy Haley should have stopped the bout then and there and awarded the verdict to Delaney but instead he disqualified Delaney for hitting Flowers after the Tiger had gone down for the second time. Had Flowers been put down with a blow, there is no doubt the disqualification of Delaney would have been justified, but Delaney already had started the punch which landed after Flowers decided to take a little rest, and it then resolved itself into a question of whether Flowers already had lost the fight by going down without being struck or whether the double foul should be taken into consideration in the rendering of the final verdict.

Patsy Haley realized he had made a wrong decision in disqualifying Delaney when Flowers already had disqualified himself, and Walter Hooke, standing at the ringside, likewise realized Haley's mistake. Haley took one glance at Hooke, who knew what was traveling through Patsy's mind and Haley, seeing the nod, halted mob rule by reversing his decision. He declared that since there was a double foul, the round would be started over and he ordered a resumption of hostilities.

THE RING congratulates both Haley and Hooke upon their splendid judgment. They saved the day for boxing, for had the original verdict remained, and it would have remained had there been a less competent or a more stubborn official in the ring instead of Haley, boxing would have received its death blow in New York State.

Common sense more than strict interpretation of rules is needed in ring officials and in Patsy Haley the New York State Boxing Commission has a man whose fearlessness, honesty, capability and keen judgment cannot be questioned.

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Harry Felix Makes Big Strides in Lightweight Division

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

BENNY LEONARD hung up his gloves for the love of his mother who pleaded that he retire because her nerves were unstrung and her heart could no longer stand the strain. Mothers as a general rule are opposed to their boys pursuing the manly art of self defense. That's a natural feeling.

There is one mater however, who not only has placed her stamp of approval on her pride and joy carving a career inside the 24-foot roped arena, but she encourages him and sits in close to the ringside whenever he fights.

Mrs. Lena Felix, who, although only thirty-seven years old, and the mother of seven children, is different from most female species. She gets a kick out of boxing for the good reason that her twenty-one year old son Harry Felix is cutting a big swath in Greater New York fisticuffs.

When neighbors reproach Mrs. Felix, she flies off the handle and makes them run to cover with this pronunciamento: "My son is ambitious. He likes to fight. It keeps him healthy, makes him come home early, go to bed early and rise early. Most important he meets big people.

"That's an education in itself. He is a credit to his chosen profession. I wouldn't dare advise him to do otherwise. The general idea that fighters are loafers is all wrong. My boy is not a loafer and you wouldn't consider your son a loafer if he was a boxer, would you?"

FATHERS are forgotten in the mother-love angle to a pugilist's autobiography but Joseph Felix is an exception to the rule. The self-made Russian who emigrated to this country forty years ago and set up in the tailoring business, agrees with his wife, or sticks to the old adage "when a boy is twenty-one he can shift for himself."

Is it any wonder then that the foremost contender for the world's junior lightweight championship is making rapid strides in his quest for Kid Sullivan's mythical diadem. The fact that he doesn't have to hide his fighting plans or worry what will happen to him when he returns home, is considerable relief.

In the space of eighteen months on big time, Felix has amassed the wonderful record of thirty-four victories in thirty-five starts. He hasn't blown the well known "duke" in his last twenty-five bouts. When he packs on a little weight and gets stronger he will be near nigh invincible.

DAN CAPLIN, one of the most loved managers in the business, is anxious to clinch a Sullivan-Felix encounter. It remains for the champion to say the last word. It should be a banner attraction for the Yankee Stadium under Tex Rickard's auspices.

Some of the best known boys Felix has beaten are the following: Johnny Kochansky, twice; Joe Scappatone, Marty Silvers, Willie Kohler, Billy Henry, Harry White, Frankie Albano, Len Melody, Lee Wedo, Ruby Stein, Joe Celmars, Jimmy Hutchison, Walter Plona, Jackie Norman, Al Markle, Frankie Barick, Sid Rabin, Tom Tobin, Pinkey Burns, Jack Guida, Joe Kestner, Red McDonald, Al Valdo and Midget Herman. Jackie Brady held him even.

Felix was born and raised in the hotbed of modern pugilism on New York's lower East Side where Leonard, Leach Cross, Sammy Smith and some other famous scrappers first saw the light of day. He is a product of the tenements, born on the third floor of a rickety house at No. 165 Attorney Street.

The family moved to East New York thanks to some of Harry's ring earnings, and Felix hobnobs with such well known boxers as Jackie Gordon, the Silvers brothers, Soldier Bartfield, Dave Rosenberg, Harry Galfund, Nat Pincus, Willie Suess and Harry Mills.

FELIX, like so many other boys coming along from time to time, is a graduate of the amateur ranks. While chasing medals and prizes he set up another record, being victorious in sixty-nine of seventy-two battles.

He held the Metropolitan and State bantamweight titles, and was deprived of the National title in Boston opposed to Terry Parker. Felix whipped Parker and a great majority of those in the audience thought so too, but Terry's dad was a police commissioner in the Hub and he got a shade the best of it.

It was about three years ago when Harry drifted into Rutgers gymnasium where the East Side lads get their preliminary training in various modes of exercise. He took to basketball like a duck takes to water. Felix had no thought of boxing. He wanted to match his speed and ability to throw baskets against Sid Terris.

One day Jackie Gordon, who was training for a fight, ran out of sparring partners, and Harry was pressed into service. For three rounds he made Jackie back away. This in spite of the fact that he had never laced on a glove before in his life.

The shrewd, observing Caplin, instructor at the gym, saw the makings of a great boxer in Felix and whispered words of encouragement in his ears. Had he ever seen a fight before? Would he like to fight for a living? Felix admitted he used to trek up to Grupp's to see Leonard, Bartfield and Jack Britton do their daily dozen, but he wasn't so anxious to take up the game seriously.

Daniel prevailed on him to take a fling and started him in the amateurs. Automatically he became a stablemate of Terris. Harry admits he has learned many fine points of the boxing angle from Terris, and he is all the more thankful to him.

AFTER his first four fights in A. A. U. competition the report reached Mrs. Felix ears that her boy had become a fighter. She asked him whether it was true or not. Harry pleaded guilty.

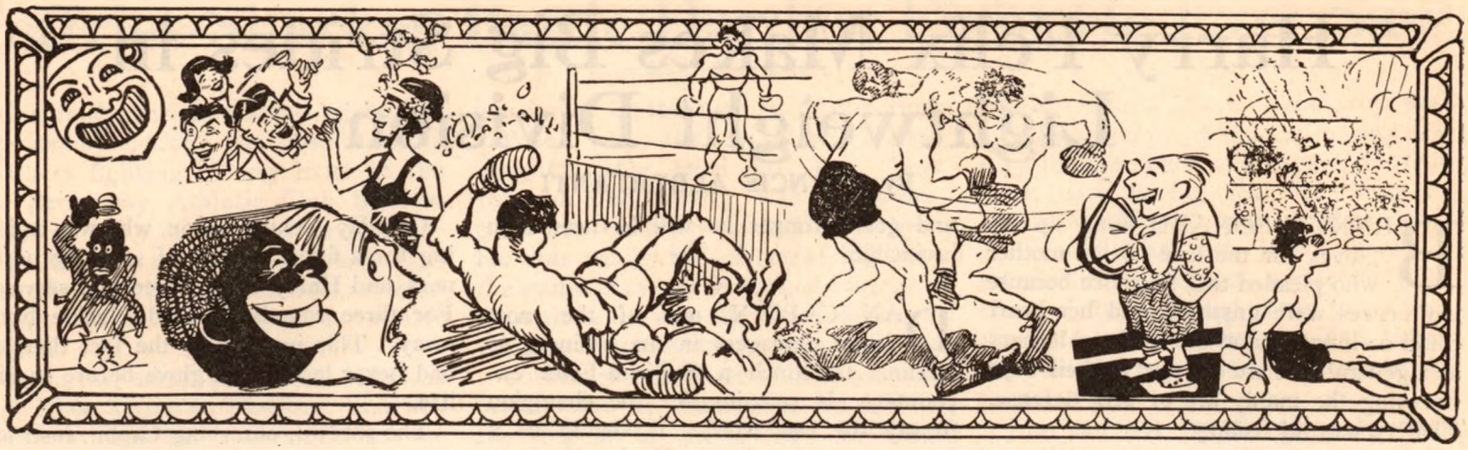
"Well, if that's the case I'm going to come and see how good a fighter you are," was her only comment. That tickled Harry. He had a friend on a New York newspaper and he asked for two press tickets. The night he squared off against Johnny Kochanksy in the first of four battles, Mr. and Mrs. Felix were planted in the third row of the ringside section at Madison Square Garden. The weight was 118 pounds. That was in the winter of 1923.

What a fight! They stood toe to toe and brought down the house from the terrific bombardment. There was never a letup in the nine minutes of torrid slugging.

Was Ma Felix pleased? You said it. "You fought a wonderful fight, and I love you for that," declared Mrs. Felix when she saw her son the next day. Another fight that gave her a thrill was the night Harry fought Al Albelli, a collegian, off his feet, literally speaking.

Felix is a graduate of P. S. No. 62, at No. 147 East Broadway. He took up a commercial course at the Seward Park Junior High School and learned typewriting and billing. He secured a position with a firm at 54 Leonard Street. In school he not only played basketball, but

(*Continued on page* 27)



The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

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John L., the Man-eater

HIS story is told of John L. Sullivan when on one of his trips. He arrived in Denver, Colorado, very much the worse for drinking. He was to meet one of the strongest men in the State of Colorado that night in the ring and if he could not stop him in four rounds was to give him $500. Sullivan, instead of sobering himself, locked himself in a room in the hotel and proceeded to drink many bottles of champagne.

Porter Ash, a Harvard man, was travelling with Sullivan at that time as a matter of entertainment. He was one of the wealthy men of California and was a great enthusiast on boxing. Ash was the only man Sullivan would permit in his room that day, so Ash tried his best to induce Sullivan to sober up.

He told him that he was to meet a giant from the mountains that night and he must be in good condition to be able to defeat him. All he could get from Sullivan was that he could lick the giant in a punch, and Sullivan continued his bout with the champagne. Ash reported the futility of his efforts to Sullivan's manager, who endeavored to buy off the giant who was then in the barroom of the hotel, boasting of what he would do to Sullivan that night, as the manager advanced his arguments to this giant and offered to compromise with him to quit.

Ash returned to Sullivan, gave an account of the incident and tried to sober Sullivan up by telling him that he had to meet a regular gorilla. Sullivan still refused to be moved and merely reiterated with a wag of his intoxicated head that he would lick him in a punch. This actually happened that evening, for no sooner had Sullivan shaken hands with the big gorilla, who when bared to the waist looked very much like one, than Sullivan rushed at the man, shoving him over towards the ropes and hitting him with his right hand over the jaw, knocked him out.

FRANK NAGY.

Masontown, Pa.

He Let the Right Fly

A FEW years back I witnessed a preliminary bout at the old National A. C., of Philadelphia, which proved to be a very tame affair for two rounds with one of the boys doing all the leading while the other kept covered up. The main object of the latter seemed to be to go the limit.

The gallery boys had been razzing the pair since the first round, but as the bout went on they directed their attack on the one who would not open up and mix things. Their yells were:

"Take 'em out? Who in H—— started that fight? Get out and get a job!" and they kept this up until the beginning of the third round when a clear voice came from the gallery to the boy who was stalling:

"Man, why don't you open up and fight?" The boy could not stand that sharp one and dropped his guard, looked up at the gallery and answered:

"If you think you can do any better, come on down here." He had no sooner finished the last word when BANG! went a right flush on the button and the referee did his stuff.

BILL SAUNDERS.

Brooklyn Navy Yard.

He Used His Head

A TRICK or two is beneficial in any profession. A few persons are aware of this fact. Jack Twin Sullivan, the bald-headed Bostonite, formerly a terror among the middleweights and light-heavyweights of the ring, was one man who achieved victory by fists and head.

Jack was fighting Pueblo Jim Flynn, the now broken-down fireman, in Los Angeles. It was the third time the two had met. In the two previous fights Flynn's willingness to slug had not been relished by Jack Twin. So he decided to use a bit of strategy.

Just before he entered the ring he painted a face on his bald head and when the first going sounded he rushed out head down at Flynn. Jim usually slugged away hoping against hope he would hit something, and this time Jack Twin gave him a hard head to hammer. The result was a broken hand for Flynn and an easy time of it for Jack Twin.

W. WATHEY.

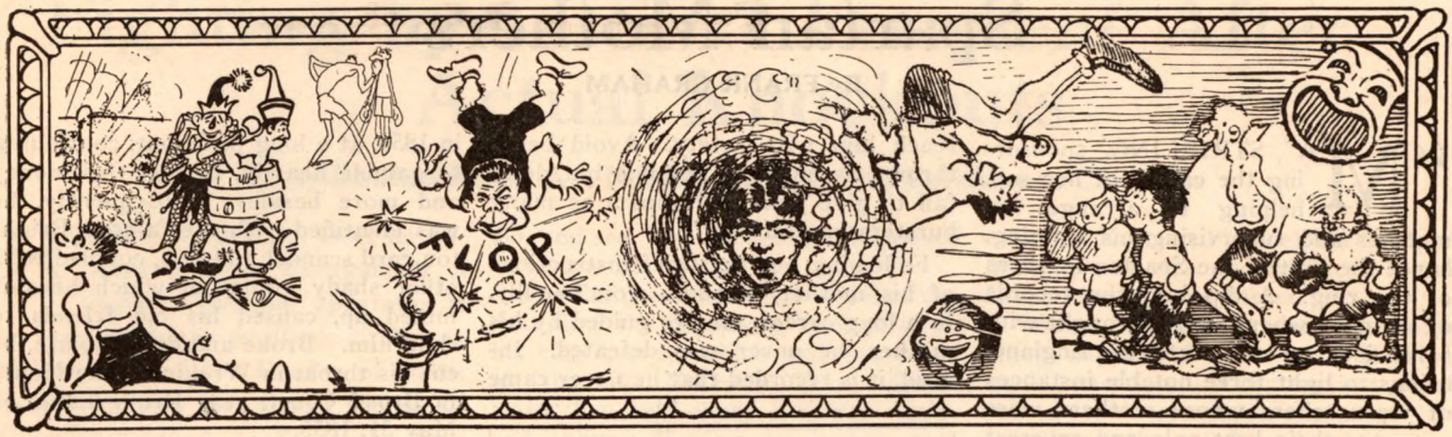
N. Y. City

"He Dropped Dice, but"—

THIS little experience of humor was dealt me while visiting friends in Georgia. I had passed through a small village where I noted boxing was to be held the following evening. What attracted my attention most was the windup between the town champion, Bob Lesley, a big muscular negro, and a son of Erin, Jim O'Donnell, a big rugged heavyweight.

The next evening I drove over to Dunville, the name of the town, got a ringside seat and settled down to enjoy myself. After the prelims were over, the announcer entered the ring and said, "Due to a bad wrench of the angle, Jim O'Donnell will not be able to box at this club tonight, but we have a substitute who will fill the vacancy." Hearing this, I lost all interest in the show, but decided I'd see what the Dunville champ had to show.

A few minutes later the substitute made his way into the ring. Boy, what a build he towed around! Closely followed by the champion, the substitute's name was announced as Lee Johnson.



After instructions were given and both went to their corners the gong sounded.

They met in the center of the ring, shook hands and started to spar and dance about. Lesley shot a left hook to Johnson's chin, and Johnson rushed in throwing punches forward, most being wild. The champion drove a short right to Johnson's ear, and his face writhed in pain.

Putting his hand up to rub his ear, Lesley took advantage and stepped in and brought an uppercut which sent Johnson reeling across the ring.

Johnson clinched, the referee ordered them to break, but it seemed as if Johnson could have made his home there. After the referee broke them, Johnson sent a hard right to the champ's nose which brought claret. Lesley, seeing blood, decided to tighten up. He did, by jabbing his left to Johnson's ribs and sending a terrific right to Johnson's upper lip. Johnson stepped back, opened his mouth, "plunk," three teeth hit the canvas. Lesley, seeing the opening, shot another left hook to his jaw which sent Johnson to the canvas to be counted out.

Immediately after being counted out, Johnson rose and remarked to the audience: "Mah Lawd, as threw ivories on the floor befo, but nevah any this way."

The ringsiders laughed for several minutes.

JOHN J. GINN.
3228 Samson St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When Leons Fought McGoverns

BATTLE ROYALS are a thing of the past. In the old days, especially at Bill Brown's gymnasium in West Twenty-third street and Bill Newman's Long Acre A. C. on West Twenty-ninth street, both in New York City, Battle Royals among negroes featured one show each month, but when boxing was legalized under the Frawley Law and later under the Walker Law, these bouts were tabooed.

Fight fans in New York were treated to many laughable incidents in these Battle Royals in the Horton Law days, but none seemed to arouse a fight crowd to the extent of the Battle Royal among the Leon and McGovern brothers in the Pelican A. C., of Ridgewood, Brooklyn.

Phil McGovern fought one of the Leons that night. Terry and Hughey McGovern were in Phil's corner and Casper Leon and another of the Leons were in the corner of the Leon scion. It was a rough and tough mill and there was a lot of merry persiflage between the rival corners. McGovern was in his heydey and Casper Leon had been one of the best bantams in the country.

After the fight the persiflage got quite torrid and the McGoverns rushed into the ring. The Leons followed. One of the finest shindigs seen in any ring ensued, with John Shortell, the referee, as the storm center. Many a tough blow was struck before the ring was cleared of the fighting McGoverns and the rampageous Leons.

HUGHEY MULHARE.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Handicapped From the Start

IN a scrap between negroes, Jim Swan and Pete Yorkes, at the old Clermont A. C., of Brooklyn, Swan was standing in his corner with his arms outstretched on the ropes.

One of his gloves became untied. His seconds hurriedly tied it. When the bell rang, Yorkes came rushing over to the corner and began swinging both hands.

Swan swung only his right. It was noticed that his left hand was still on the rope, when it was discovered that his second had laced the boxer's glove both around his arm and the rope.

HARRISON L. COHEN.
559 Saratoga Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HARRY FELIX MAKES BIG STRIDES

(*Continued from page* 25)

competed on the track, starring in sprints and relays.

Hymie Caplin, Dan's brother, is Felix's trainer. He attends to his every want and care.

Many shrewd observers are of the opinion, and we have clippings at hand to substantiate this, that in another six months Felix will be ready to tackle the leading lights. Who knows but that he may leap in the shoes made vacant by the great Leonard? You never can tell.

PERSONALLY Felix is one of the finest little gentlemen we've had the pleasure of meeting. He granted us the interview between sprints in the six-day bicycle race at Madison Square Garden. His eyes riveted on the speeding maniacs on the ten-lap saucer, he answered question after question oblivious of the din around him.

"Looks like he's the next junior lightweight champ if Sullivan gives him a slam at the title," is the general comment heard in cauliflower circles.

"Yes, I hope to become a champion," he drawled in answer to a series of questions. "I have lots to learn, but I am anxious to be taught. After every fight I make notations of my faults and try to eradicate them in my next start.

"I am ready to fight any man Caplin matches me with," he continued. "I never inquire after the name of my opponent, nor do I ask what's coming to me. Don is the boss.

"I have worked hard all my life. It's a pleasure with me. Some boys hate to go in a gym day in and day out, but I love it. It keeps one out of trouble and off the street corners, and that's a blessing it itself.

"Mother is a great rooter for me. Every time I see her at the ringside it spurs me on to greater efforts, and I usually come through victorious."

And thus endeth a real enjoyable interview.

Spartan Mothers

By FRANK GRAHAM

"MA" STRIBLING, sponsoring the career of her son, helping to arrange his matches and supervising his training, is not the first of the Spartan mothers of the ring. A dip into the records of the days when pugilists fought with bare fists on the turf of England, brings to light three notable instances of top-notchers whose mothers were not only their best pals and severest critics but their mentors as well.

Johnny Broome, lightweight champion of England, who retired in 1842; Hammer Lane, whose fighting days were contemporaneous with those of Broome, and Jem Ward, who was heavyweight champion a brief while later, had the benefit of maternal coaching in the rudiments of the milling art and maternal care in their training. Which leads to an impression that, whereas fighting is not a woman's game and most women are not over friendly to it, when a woman does take a hand in it, she may be counted upon to be eminently successful.

Broome, prior to his debut as a professional fighter, had gained fame as a horseman, one of his exploits being the riding of his own horse, Eagle, in the Grand National, the classic steeplechase of England. It was his skill as a rider that earned for him the name of "Young Ducrow," and in his early days as a fighter, he frequently appeared in the ring under this name. When he was at the top of his fighting form, he introduced his younger brother, Harry, to the ring and lived to see the boy win the heavyweight title.

MRS. BROOME was deeply attached to both boys, but John was her favorite. She made all his matches for him, mixed the pickling fluid that was applied to his hands to harden them for combat and the oils that were used for massaging his body. It wasn't the fashion in those days for women to sit at the ringside but more than once when Johnny was belaboring an opponent—and this was especially true if the ring was pitched in the Midlands—she was close at hand, viewing the proceedings from a point of vantage such as a hayrick or house top. On the eve of his fight with Johnny Hannam for the title, Mrs. Broome wrote to her son:

"Mind and use your left and keep away from your man until you can reach him with safety. Avoid being thrown as much as possible but don't fail to give Johnny Hannam as many bursters as you can."

Following out the brief instructions of his mother, Broome won handily. In a long career, always guided by his mother, he never was defeated. Indeed, it is recorded that he never came close to defeat. He ended his days in the ring with a victory over Bungaree, an Australian and a pupil of the celebrated Gipsy Cooper, and opened a public house known as the Rising Sun in Air Street, Picadilly, where his gold belt, emblematic of the championship, was kept on display.

For a time he did a thriving business but he got into difficulties that led him to destruction and broke his mother's heart. He won a great sum of money when West Australian won the Derby in 1853, at a long price but, continuing to gamble heavily, he lost this money and more besides. Subsequently, he was identified with the famous Brighton card scandal and this, coupled with other shady affairs in which he was mixed up, caused his old friends to shun him. Broke and disconsolate, he cut his throat in Wrekin Public House in Broad Court, near Drury Lane, on May 31, 1855.

His burial is described by Harry Cleveland in his "Fisticuffs":

"The pathetic figure of the mother standing beside the open grave into which had been lowered the body of the son she loved and admired so passionately was not forgotten by those who attended the ceremony. There was not a tear in her stony eyes, not a muscle of her hard, stern face moved, though her stalwart younger son, Harry, was crying like a child beside her. For all that the woman's heart was broken and she never smiled again."

HAPPIER is the story of Hammer Lane. Mrs. Lane, of Birmingham, mothered a fighting brood. Nine of the Lane family figured in the making of British ring history, five of them being engaged in the sport at one time. Most famous of the lot was Jack, who was called "Hammer" because his trade was that of hammerman.

The father of the family was a rugged, two-fisted fellow who had made a name for himself as a rough and tumble bruiser, though there is no record that he ever appeared in the ring. Mrs. Lane, it is said, was one of the most remarkable women of her time. Her interest in prize fighting was broad and her knowledge of it amazing. She directed the fighting done by all her sons but paid strictest attention to Hammer.

The pugilists of those free-and-easy days were most given to loose living, so that their skill suffered and their careers were shortened, but Mrs. Lane made certain that Hammer did not spend his time in public houses nor consort with those whose company would have been detrimental to his physical well being. Instead, she saw to it that between fights he stuck to his work as a wielder of the hammer, which kept his muscles pliant and strengthened his frame.

(*Continued on next page*)

THE SCREEN GETS 'EM

By Ray I. Hoppman

THE old fashioned pug
Never cared for his mug,
His part in the old fistic game
Was to wallop and clout
Till he knocked his man out,
And the bouts in those days were not tame.

HE didn't give a hang
If his nose got a bang,
Or if blows on his headpiece were showered,
Or if both of his eyes
Swelled up three times their size—
And his ears always were cauliflowered.

BUT the modern young man
Guards his face if he can,
And the reason is readily seen—
For a man can't be starred
If his face is all scarred—
That would not look well on the screen.

WHEN they enter the ring
They just think of one thing,
And of that they are very exacting,
They can hear the coin clink
When of movies they think
For all boxers take to screen acting.

Fighting by Instinct Frequent After Actual Knockouts

Many Battlers Really Are Not Standing Up But Continue to Carry On

BOXING by instinct after an opponent's blow disorganizes a battler's thinking apparatus is no new wrinkle in pugilistic circles, as the report that Joe Dundee of Baltimore, went the last eleven rounds of his fifteen-round battle with Alex Hart while in that condition, has led readers to imagine. In the Oriole City fracas, Hart hit Dundee on the "button" in the fourth round, driving him across the ring. After the bout it developed that Dundee didn't remember anything else of what took place, although he went the limit and was given a draw.

Harry (Battling) Leonard, Philadelphia featherweight, is sponsor for the statement that such an occurrence has happened to many boxers, and to himself on more than one occasion.

"I was reading the other day about the incident which occurred during the Dundee and Hart fight," Leonard recently remarked. "This is a likely occurrence, as it happens to many boxers. So, you see, Joe Dundee just happened to be another victim."

The Philly featherweight recalled the first time the happening took place in his ring career, which was one night at the old National Club. Bouts were then held every Saturday night, and Johnny Mooney, of Boston, was doing the booking.

"I WAS fighting Battling Murray at the National the first time it occurred to me," said Harry, "and, after being introduced, the first round began. We were going along nicely, mixing it up, when Murray suddenly hit me with a left hook, dropping me for a count. I remember getting up at the count of nine, but after that my mind became a blank until after the ending of the fourth round.

"While I was sitting in my corner during the minute's rest, I remember Johnny Mooney, who, at that time was very much interested in me, talking. I was saying 'yes' to every question. After this I don't even remember getting out of the ring."

Danny Kramer, Philadelphia featherweight, was the second boy to put Leonard on Queer Street.

"When I boxed Kramer the same thing happened," was the Battling one's assertion. "Only against Kramer I can't remember fighting. In fact, it wasn't until I read the account the next day that I learned what really happened. I had been knocked down three times when Referee Pop O'Brien stopped the fight."

By observation, Battling Leonard learned that he wasn't the only one to find himself in that plight.

"I witnessed this same thing happen to Willie Jackson when he boxed Sid Marks, of Canada. Jackson was knocked cold in the first round, the bell coming to his rescue. Doc Bagley, his manager at that time, carried him to his corner and ran a lighted match up and down his spine. Willie was in pretty bad shape when time was called for the second round. The fight went the limit, but next day Jackson was around the corner asking how he made out."

Spartan Mothers

(*Continued from page* 28)

His training always was supervised by his mother, who would drop in on him at unexpected moments to see how he was progressing. She must have been a very determined woman, for it is written that more than once she objected so forcibly to the methods employed by Hammer's trainers and insisted so unswervingly that her judgment be final, that the trainers rebelled at her opposition to them and left the camp in a huff. This always made Hammer smile and he frequently declared that his mother was the best trainer he ever had.

THAT Mrs. Lane knew what she was about is indicated by the excellent record compiled by Hammer. This included a victory over Owen Swift, the "Little Wonder." He was one of only two men ever to defeat Swift who, although he never weighed over 126 pounds, was a terror to big fellows. Lane had a weight advantage of something like twenty-one pounds over Swift.

Another memorable fight in Hammer's record was one in which he was defeated. This was with "Yankee Sullivan," whose real name was Frank Amor, and took place on Crookham Common, on February 2, 1842. Lane gave away considerable weight to Sullivan but was holding his own when his right arm was broken by a blow. Although he had no chance to win, he refused to quit and was knocked out after thirty-five minutes of strenuous fighting.

The other Lanes who fought concurrently with Hammer were George, Tom, Jem and William. None of these approached Hammer in point of skill, although of William, who fought only two ring battles, a fine impression was had by those who saw him in action.

JEM WARD, one of the greatest of the old English champions, and Nick, his brother of lesser fame, never made a match without the consent of their mother and never entered the squared circle without words of sound advice from her ringing in their ears. Jem Ward is remembered in England not alone for his own fighting but for his discovery of Tom King.

Ward had quit the ring and was running a "pub" called The George, in Ratcliff Highway, then a very tough quarter of London, when King, a youthful sailor, came to his attention. King was introduced to the ring as "Jem Ward's Big 'Un," and was successful from the start. He claimed the title when Tom Sayers retired after his drawn battle with John C. Heenan in 1860, and although he lost it to Jem Mace, he regained it in a return fight with Mace.

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A Defence of Boxing

By REV. EARL A. BLACKMAN
(Former Southern Intercollegiate and Amateur Boxing Champion)

[*This is another of the series of special articles by world famous men which will be featured in* THE RING *this year.—Ed. Note.*]

I HAVE been asked by THE RING, America's foremost boxing magazine, a magazine that is doing a world of good for the uplift of the greatest athletic activity I know of, to give its readers a little sermon on boxing. It is with the greatest pleasure that I have accepted this honor, for I believe there is no sport in the world that develops physical manhood, moral courage and keenness of eye so much as does boxing.

It might seem strange for a minister of the Gospel to preach a sermon on boxing, but unlike some of my colleagues who find nothing but unwholesomeness in the sport, I find that boxing develops a spirit of cleanliness, manliness and courageousness that far counteracts its demoralizing effects, if there be any at all, hence my reason for being a strong advocate of the manly art.

I have been asked to express my views on boxing as a developer of the youth, and have been asked to lay stress on the sport as a regular part of the curriculum of our colleges and high schools. There is nothing which pleases me more.

I hope and earnestly pray that the day will arrive when boxing will become a regular part of the curriculum of high schools and colleges. Boxing is not nearly so dangerous as football, yet that is one of the strongest points stressed by opponents of the game.

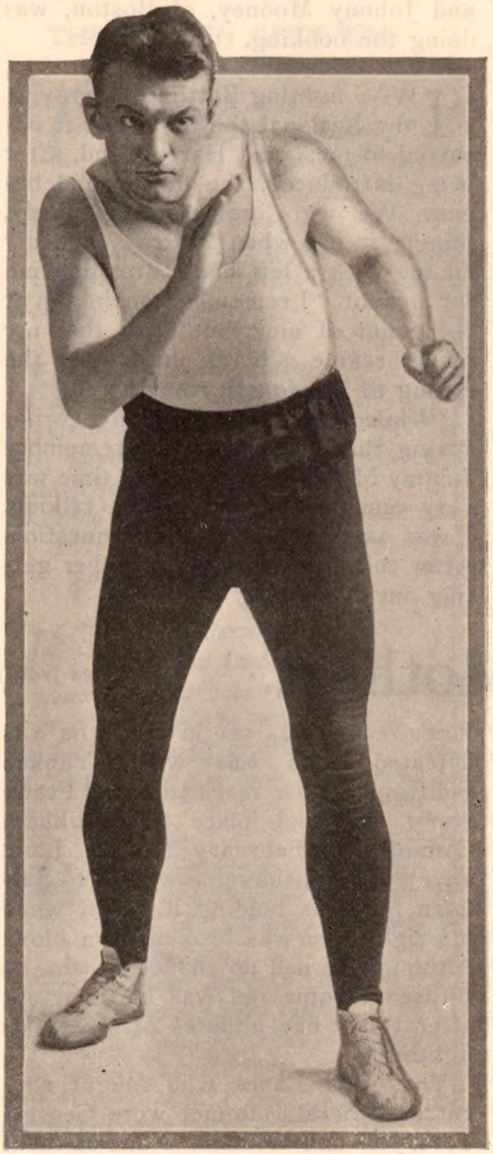
* * *

WHAT boy is there in our American schools who would not like to become a Benny Leonard in so far as proficiency in boxing is concerned?

There is hardly one, I may say. There is no game or exercise that will do more for a growing, red-blooded young man that boxing. As was pointed out by the editor of this magazine in the February issue, people have opposed boxing because they have generally considered it a roughneck sport, associated with the worst element in the community, a sport that is both demoralizing and degrading. As the editor of THE RING pointed out in his editorial, that attitude is rapidly passing, as is evidenced by the legalization of boxing in twenty-seven states of the Union.

There is also an erroneous impression that it is brutal and exceedingly hazardous. As to its brutality, it is far less dangerous than wrestling. While it is true that boxers do get disfigured noses, split eyebrows and occasionally cauliflower ears, the majority of scientific boxers remain unscarred.

"But," someone says, "is not the object in a boxing match to knock the other fellow senseless?"



Rev. Earl A. Blackman

This is quite true, but what is usually known as a "knockout" punch does not, as a rule, produce any more harmful effect that to stun temporarily a delicate nerve center for a few seconds—ten seconds being a sufficient length of time for one to lose a match.

* * *

THE writer has been hit with the "knockout" punch many times, and he can safely say that as far as pain and discomfort are concerned, he would much rather be "knocked out" in a boxing match than to pound his finger with a tack hammer or to bump his crazy bone on a doorsill.

There are not more than four vital spots on the human body—one on either side of the lower jaw, one just below the breast-bone, known as the solar-plexus, and possibly one just above the heart, which, by the way, is very rarely struck.

If a boxer is trained properly he will have no other object that to land one of these punches. He soon becomes accustomed to taking punches elsewhere in the face or on the body, and a few scratches and an occasional bloody nose or lip are temporary injuries that amount to nothing to a high school or college athlete.

If boxing were competently taught in every high school there would be fewer "long-haired," "rabbit-chinned" "cake-eaters" hanging around the corner drug stores, and the physical and moral standard of young men would be raised materially.

BALLAD OF BRAVE DEEDS

By James K. McGuinness

THE cheap hound runs with the yelping pack
To fierce assault on its fleeing prey.
The full-bred dog to the lone attack
Goes clean and straight as the light of day.
The coward needs to approach the fray,
The mob's support and its ugly spleen.
The white man walks on a lonely way;
The bravest deeds are the ones unseen.

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Jack Grace, The Swashbuckler

(*Continued from page* 21)

the fight was to get in close, and grapple the smaller man in his huge arms. There was no referee to break that clinch. He could crush Grace into helplessness if he could only get hold of him.

Jack stepped around speedily in the small space, slashing the giant's face with his jabs and hooks, and ducking under his arms when he came too close. But the circle was tightening. The exiles crowded in to get a better view, and left him little room in which to work.

The intense seriousness of the situation began to dawn on the wanderer. Fournier would not be content to beat him now. He wanted to kill. Madness was blazing from his bloody countenance. He kicked and cursed and swung endlessly, and hard as Jack hit him he refused to stop.

To add to the latter's troubles, he swung too high, and felt the bones of his left hand break against the beast's head. It hurt like sixty, and puffed up at once. Half of his offensive was gone, and Fournier still seemed strong, despite his battered features and stertorious breathing. He had not laid a hand on Grace as yet, but the battle was shifting in his favor. In that limited space he had a splendid chance of seizing the smaller man in his bear-like hug.

Grace retreated toward the end of the circle. Instead of giving way someone in it hurled him toward Fournier, and the sergeant grappled with him. The instant he felt those huge hands grasp him Jack had a hasty and terrible premonition that his last day had come. There was the strength of a giant in the big fellow.

This was no time for Queensberry rules and sportsmanship. It was a fight to the death. If he couldn't break loose he was a dead man—and he knew it.

He heeled Fournier under the chin with his crippled hand, and jabbed the thumb of his right into the fellow's eye, gouging with all his might. The sergeant howled, and his grip involuntarily loosened. Jack pulled back, and then threw every ounce of weight and strength in a smashing blow.

It caught Fournier on the chin, and he went over backwards. Grace was like a cat in leaping after him. He was astride his enemy's body before it struck the ground, but he saw instantly that the fight was over so far as the sergeant was concerned. That last punch had finished him.

JACK GRACE sat on Fournier's chest for an instant, gasping and sick. The bones of his right hand had crumpled under that terrible bare fisted blow, and both were now puffed and useless. Had it failed to stop Fournier the fight would have been over, and he would probably have disappeared from the face of the earth.

Then a hand was laid on his neck, and he was jerked over backward. He rolled in the dust, his knees up to his chin, and his hands around the back of his head, so if the mob started "hoofing" him he would be protected as far as was possible.

The expected blows did not fall.

Jack peered around the crook of his elbow.

The gaunt-faced young man with whom he had been talking when Fournier attacked him stood above him, a knife in his hand.

"Get up," he said, casting an oblique glance at Grace. "These fellows won't do anything. That was one of Fournier's pets who pulled you over. I fixed him. You'd better get back to the barracks, and then leave St. Laurent behind you. There will be plenty of trouble when the sergeant comes to."

The swashbuckler clambered to his feet, and put on his coat, which his protector had kept in one hand. They shook hands silently, and then Jack Grace, as he put it, "went away from there."

That, Jack Grace will tell you, was his hardest fight. He never went back to St. Laurent, and never saw Fournier or the young man again. If he went back there now he would find the penal settlement, and the black huts of punishment at St. Joseph and the pitiful army that tramped the streets of St. Laurent gone. The Herriot government has abolished the French Hell, and the convicts have returned in chains to the cold prisons of central France.

Though Jack Grace is still a rover, despite his graying hair and slight moulding of flesh about the belt-line; though he'll wander as long as steamboats fight the seven seas and trains go roaring through the night, he'll never return to the island of St. Jean de Maroni.

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Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

It was not generally known until almost twenty-four hours after he flattened Tiger Flowers for the second time in the Garden ring February 26, that Jack Delaney climbed through the ropes a sick man. For three days he nursed an annoying cold. Against the wishes of a doctor and admirers, the Bridgeport, Conn., sharpshooter insisted on going through with the fight.

They made Delaney an 8 to 5 favorite but when some of the boys on the inside got a peek at him in his corner they hustled out and wagered on the negro. So that at ring time it was evens, take your pick.

In spite of the handicap Delaney made short work of the deacon. He could have put him away earlier if he had the strength and stamina. The cold began to tell on Jack beginning the third and he complained of weakness in his legs. Right then and there he decided to terminate proceedings.

To many close up it looked as if Mr. Flowers located a soft spot. But we are of the opinion that the right hand socks on the jaw put the quietus on the Tiger. There is no question but that he has a brittle chin. He just can't take it on the danger zone. There are many others like him.

Flowers isn't through by any means. He'll pick up plenty of dough in spite of the two setbacks suffered at the hands of Delaney. After it was all over the Tiger manfully knocked at Jack's door and admitted once and for all that he was the better man.

Jack Zivic, Pittsburg speed boy, who in his last three starts knocked out Nate Goldman, Lew Tendler and Bobby Tracey, will resume training shortly for several bouts being lined up for him. After he finished Tracey in jig time, managers Jimmy Bronson and Lou Brown decided to give Jack a much needed vacation. The layoff has done the boy a world of good.

With the six-day bike race out of the way Tex Rickard reopened the Garden for boxing March 9 with the second series of lightweight elimination contests. The public is not taking kindly to this tourney. They liked the feather stakes. Four nights later Battling Siki, the Singular Senegalese, tackled Paul Berlenbach. Larry Estridge and Frankie Schoell clashed in the semi-final. Incidentally, the latter contest was the best semi-windup seen in the amphitheatre in an age.

Babe Herman, Jimmy Kelly's pride and joy, had a shade on Bobby Garcie in a recent setto but the judges and referee agreed on a draw. Perfect decision and all that but we can't get it out of our head that the Sacramento lad should have been given the well known "duke." They collide again on Good Friday night at Waterbury, Conn.

Jim Maloney, the Boston Strong Boy, made his Gotham debut at the Pioneer on March 3. He was pitted against the rough, tough Dan Bright, English heavy. The Hubite's string of victories amassed in a short time apparently was responsible for the unusually large turnout. Maloney punched the Briton full of holes in six rounds. It wasn't much of a fight but Maloney was not to blame.

Jim whacked Dan all over the place. Bright had good sense however, to clinch opportunely and avoid as much punishment as he could. One of the most interested spectators was Billy Gibson, manager of Gene Tunney. Lou Brix, his aide-de-camp, advised Will to break into his golf and give the Boston boy the careful once over. A match is in the making between Maloney and Tunney in the former's bailiwick.

Benny Rothwell, a Newark youth, former International amateur champion, and one of the hardest hitting 135-pounders hereabouts, claims the distinction of being the tallest lightweight. He measures five feet eleven and one-quarter inches in altitude. Despite his lanky build and apparent frailty, Rothwell packs a terrific wallop. Nearly seventy-five per cent. of his amateur bouts were won by knockouts, and since turning professional a few months ago he has continued bowling 'em over, having scored two straight k.o.'s. In his last start he flattened Jack Adnit in three frames.

Speaking of Garcia, Panama promoters have cabled for the Army champion's best terms to meet Jose Lombardo sometime in May. Panama is a long way from home and it is doubtful if Jimmy Bronson will take the match.

Alf Simmons, crack English lightweight, fought his first fight in America on March 7 at the Commonwealth. His opponent was Stanislaus Loayza. Alf is handled by the popular Dave Brown.

K. O. Phil Kaplan, the Harlem welter, showed a flash of his old form on March 3 at Hartford, Conn., where he knocked the skids from under Rocky Smith's legs in eleven exciting stanzas. A peculiar illness forced Phil to stay in bed for weeks. It was not until after the new year that he was permitted to lace a glove on his hands.

Benny Valger, like good wine, goes on forever. The French-Jewish lightweight celebrated his return to the ring recently by punching Alex Hart of Cleveland, full of holes. Many of the wise birds pick him to grab the big honors—rightful successor to Benjamin Leonard.

With the first round of the lightweight elimination tournament over, the tourney has simmered down to eight eligible candidates for the second round.

Joe Benjamin, Benny Valger, Solly Seeman, Charley O'Connell, Tommy O'Brien, K. O. Jeakle, Basil Galiano and Jimmy Goodrich are the remaining members of the lightweight group who are on the trail of Benny Leonard's diadem.

Eddie "Kid" Wagner and Joe Dundee were deposed through the medium of some off-color decisions, and at first it was thought that the State Athletic Commission would order Dundee and Wagner back into the tourney for another trial, but they finally agreed to run ahead as per schedule.

Tommy O'Brien was the only knockout victor in the opening schedule and his defeat of Chaney occasioned keen surprise. On the brink of defeat several times, O'Brien came through with stout-hearted gameness and put the highly touted Baltimorean on the canvas for the full count.

Benjamin's victory over Jack Silver was another surprise that was unlooked for. Silver and Chaney were touted as the surest things of the entire tournament and their downfall has only added new interest in the coming drive for Leonard's successor.

Jackie Gordon, shifty Ghetto featherweight, was on a little campaign in New England. He beat Lou (Kid) Bedell of Portland in a ten-rounder at the Elm Rink, New Bedford.

Eddie Brady, rugged Brooklyn feather, wants to know why he is persistently overlooked in featherweight discussions. Despite the fact that he holds official decisions over Kid Sullivan, Babe Herman, Bobby Garcia, Joey Sangor and other stars, and has held off Louis Kid Kaplan, Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell and Jack Bernstein, one seldom hears of Brady mentioned among the leading feathers. No wonder Eddie is becoming peeved. Jersey Jones, who is handling the Brooklynite, is out with a sweeping challenge to the entire 126-pound division. "This goes for everyone—absolutely no one is barred," says Jones.

After two months on the sidelines, nursing a fractured right hand, Jeff Smith, globe-trotting Bayonne middleweight, got going again March 9 when he met Buck Ashton in Lancaster, Pa. Smith is the veteran of the present crop of middleweights and is as good now as he was years ago.

Johnny Vestri, crack Brooklyn bantamweight, gained an impressive victory over Pio Melchoir in a six rounder at the Pioneer Sporting Club several weeks ago. Melchoir is a product of the Pacific Coast and fought there under the name of Manila Kid. When Vestri is right there are very few boys in this locality who can best him.

Mickey Maff, a lightweight who is fighting in the local Regiment Armories, appears to have the makings of a first class ringman. Mickey is game, ambitious, can punch, and delights to slug with his fellow adversary. He should be heard of in the near future.

Danny Smith, younger brother of the more famous Sonny, has five victories on his slate to date. Minus the amateur experience that has proven advantageous to many of our stars, Danny has plunged ahead and is making good with a bang. Sandy Hooke, the illustrious Scotsman from East New York, is touting him to the skies.

Al Gastino, another Armory fighter, is going along in good style. Under the managerial wing of Eddie Rue, Al has a lot to be thankful for.

Nick Clausen, the lightweight champion of Denmark, is now making Philadelphia his home and is trying his best to secure matches with the best opponents available. Clausen won popular awards over Jack Rappaport and Jack McFarland in Newark and is eager to show in a Philly ring.

Ruby Goldstein, the latest sensation to come from the East Side, is causing quite a stir in local fistic circles. Not since the hectic days of Sid Terris has a youngster received the praise that Goldstein is getting. Goldstein has polished off his first four opponents in cyclonic fashion, not one man going more than two sessions. Remember his name for future reference.

Jackie Coburn, Ridgewood junior lightweight, seems to have struck his proper stride under the capable management of

genial John Cicio. Coburn is fighting in his best form now and is well nigh unbeatable. Jackie possesses that fortunate faculty of pleasing the crowd, whether he wins or loses. and hence enjoys the plaudits that come his way.

Heavyweights seem to have struck the popular fancy in Metropolitan fistic circles and some clubs have gone so far as to build up cards composed of all heavyweight cast. The Pioneer and the Ridgewood clubs make it a habit of running heavies every three weeks and have profited greatly thereby.

Some of the younger crop of heavies developed through this method are: Carl Carter, Yale Okun, Pietro Di Lauro, Dan O'Connell, Alex Sclair, Joe Roggi, Ed Keeley, Murray Gitlitz, George Smith and Hong Fong Lee.

Jim Maloney, of Boston, appears to be the best of the newcomers in the heavyweight crop at present and it would not be surprising to see him on the list of Jack Dempsey's challengers before another year rolls around. His latest victory was a notable achievement scored over Romero-Rojas, who had previously beaten Jack Renault. Maloney scored several knockdowns and altogether made it an impressive event in his short career. Some of his recent victims are Jack Sharkey, Sully Montgomery and two knockout triumphs were over Battling McCreery and Sailor Maxsted.

IN CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND
By "MIKE" PRENDAGAST

The boxing game got back on a solid footing here on February 13, when Johnny Donnelly, local junior welterweight boxed Young Xeny, the Greek dental student of the University of Pittsburg, in the main bout of fifteen rounds, for the American Legion Post, No. 13, of this city. The unlucky thirteenth held no terrors for the sensational local lad for he homped away with the unanimous decision of the referee and judges at the end of the fifteenth round.

This was the second meeting of the boys, they having met in Pittsburg some weeks ago and Xeny taking a close decision in an eight round affair. Donnelly seems to like the marathon route rather than the shorter bouts.

The prelims were very good also. In the semi-final Johnny Pollock of Connellsville, Pa., won a great fight from Joey Ryan of Cumberland. The boys are bantams.

"Buck" Griffith made his debut in the preliminaries to the Donnelly-Xeny battle and showed all the earmarks of blossoming into a good boy. He knocked out another boy by the name of Bobby Bryant. "Buck" is working out daily with Johnny Donnelly who is teaching him the finer points of the game.

After a layoff of six months due to a broken hand, Johnny Donnelly has started back on the road where he left off after his great battles with Rocky Kansas, Joe Tiplitz and Bobby Barrett. Since he re-commenced boxing two months ago Johnny has engaged in four bouts. He knocked out Jack Duffy of Cleveland, at Clarksburg, won from Billy Carter at Connellsville, Pa.; lost a questionable decision to Young Xeny in Pittsburg, and later won from Xeny here.

Fay Keyser, for a long time Cumberland's leading boxer, and a tough middleweight who fought them all, got back into harness when he helped condition Johnny Donnelly for his last fight. Fay looked very good and said he felt fine. There are still a few good fights left in Fay and he is thinking of taking another whirl at the mitt game.

Fay has boxed Harry Greb, middleweight champion, thirteen times and every bout has been a thriller. Fay's last fight was with Greb, the champion won this bout on a knockout.

Since Johnny Donnelly came to Cumberland the fans have started to take interest in the fighting game again and things look very promising for the future of the sport here. Johnny is well liked and has made a lot of friends. He is still a young man. He has only been boxing four years and has met such men as Rocky Kansas, Joe Tiplitz, Willie Herman, Bobby Ward, Ray Preyl, Johnny Ray, Johnny Darcy, Phil Salvadore, Hymie Gold, Whitey Fitzgerald and many others.

FROM TOLEDO AND VICINITY
By PHILIP J. GANZERT

Boxing was not at a very high ebb in these parts last month although great enthusiasm marked all the big matches.

Butch Carr, Toledo heavy, has been knocking his opponents goofy of late. During February he was one of the headliners on three of the Toledo A. C. weekly shows.

THE CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS
By JAY J. THOMAS

WE daily hear much prattle of the champions now and past,
John L.'s sock, Fitzsimmons' shift,
Jim Corbett's lightning fast;
Jim Jeffries' hook, Peter Jackson's
left received the O. K. stamp,
But our own John Harrison Dempsey is the real champion's champ!

On February 6 he knocked out Kayo Thompson of Detroit, in two rounds, while on February 20, he flattened Al Chevalier of Canada, in 30 seconds, and made Al Phillips of Chicago, quit in two rounds on Feb. 27.

These men, of course, are far from being title contenders but Butch is improving with each start and if this, coupled with his willingness to meet anyone, means anything it will not be long before he will be among the leading fistic stars.

Kayo Jeakle, at this writing still a survivor in the lightweight tournament at New York, won from Johnnie Mendolsohn of Milwaukee on January 30.

The semi-final featured Jack Duffy and Red McDonald, two local products, in ten rounds.

Duffy, who is but 19 years old, won all the way from the hard-hitting red head and in so doing kept up the remarkable pace he has maintained during the last six months.

If the youngster keeps improving at his present rate it will not be long before Joe Humphries will be announcing his name to fans of Madison Square Garden.

Without a doubt he is one of the most remarkable and promising little fellows in the ring today.

What was probably the most pleasing bout of the month to fans in these parts was Carl Tremaine's victory over Eddie "Canonball" Martin, at Cleveland, February 24.

While Tremaine won no title from it, he proved that he is Martin's leading antagonist and in all justice to the sport he should be given a chance at the title at which time the writer predicts Martin will be dethroned.

Let Philben, young Toledo welter now fighting his way through the University of Michigan, has been going great guns. Since January 1 he has knocked out Young Webb and Eddie Gray, and decisively beaten Red Curry, Lyle De Voignes and K. O. Jenkins.

Philben is another youngster who possesses the natural ability to go far in the ring game.

Eddie Ketchel, Toledo feather, has been enjoying good success around Arkansas. He recently knocked out Ernie Ross and Johnnie Carrol at Hot Springs.

Joe Packo, Toledo's slugging light heavy, defeated Jack Reddy in 12 rounds at Louisville on February 6.

Bert Palmer licked Al Masy at Battle Creek, February 2, in the semi-final to the Jack Duffy-Eddie Russel battle which Duffy won in neat style.

At Dayton, on February 5, Jamaica Kid lasted ten rounds with Tiger Flowers.

John Risko, of Cleveland, lost to Sully Montgomery in 12 rounds at Cleveland, February 11, but knocked out Wild Burt Kenny in 7 rounds at Canton, February 16.

TERRE HAUTE AND INDIANA NEWS
By "SQUARE DEAL" HARRY AIN

Owing to the terrible disaster at Sullivan, Ind., where 51 miners were killed, many shows were called off last month. However, many benefit boxing shows will be given to alleviate the sufferings of the bereaved families.

Bud Taylor, Indiana's premier bantamweight, arrived from New York for a short visit to his home town. Bud claims that Dr. Fralich fixed his shoulder and Bud intends to go back to have his thumb taken care of.

At a show given at the Auditorium at Terre Haute, Eddie Dyer, Terre Haute lightweight, had the better of Billy McCann, veteran Clevelander, in ten rounds. McCann had plenty of trouble handling Dyer's rough tactics.

Bobby Ray, local flyweight, had an edge over Chuck Gary, popular Terre Haute flyweight in eight rounds. In the opener Homer Russell, colored welterweight, knocked out Herb Lafoon for the second time in three weeks. Lafoon, one of the best football players ever developed in these parts, better stick to the pigskin and stay away from different kind of leather.

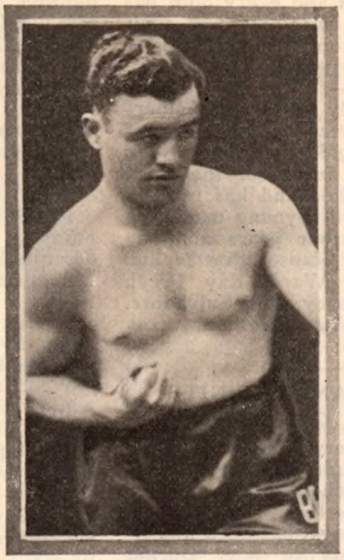
On February 16, at Terre Haute, Jimmy McDermott, Terre Haute bantam, beat Jimmy Sayers of Lafayette, in ten rounds. It was one of the best fights ever seen in Terre Haute.

A heartbreaker occurred in the semi-final. After Bert Denny, Terre Haute lightweight, hit Joe Lockhart of Evansville, with everything but the city charter, for nine rounds, Lockhart planted a right to the jaw two minutes before the final gong and stretched Denny for the full count. The end came like a bolt out of a clear sky.

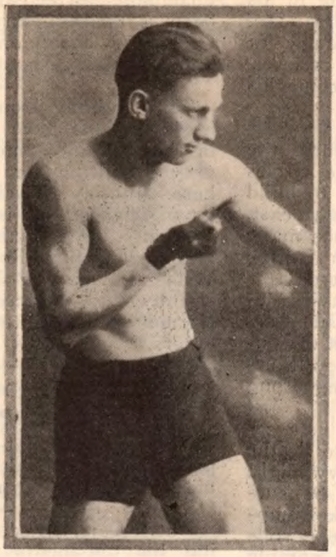
Don Carson, Indianapolis flyweight, fouled Tresco Johnson of Statesville, N. C., in the fifth round of their fight. The Referee disqualified Carson. Johnson was getting the better of the milling up to the foul.

C. L. "Funny" Newman is the leading figure in boxing in Cumberland. Besides managing Johnny Donnelly, who is Cumberland's ace, and Joey Ryan, he is the matchmaker for the American Legion.

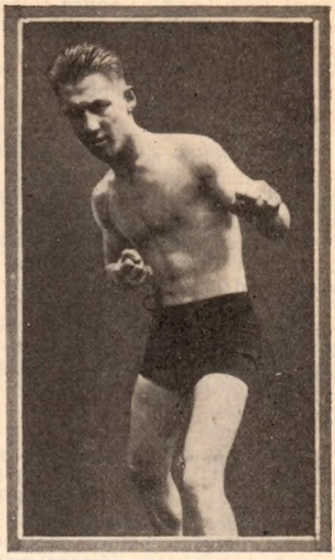
Miquel Ferrera, Argentine light-heavyweight, one of the hardest hitters in modern fistiana.



Buck Fleming; a 120 pound boxer from Philadelphia



Phil Longo, Des Moines, Iowa, welterweight with a good future



Battling Doery Shimar, lightweight champion of Central Panama

EASTERN CANADA NOTES
By JACK MASON

For the second time in three years Johnny McIntyre, a welterweight, has put the game on the rocky edge in Sydney. In his bout with Jack McKenna, of North Sydney there recently, McIntyre stalled through ten rounds. The referee gave McIntyre the decision although McKenna should have received it. It was one of the rawest decisions ever seen in Sydney. Three years ago McIntyre fouled Joe Irvine, of St. John, in Sydney, and the game was put under the ban for a year. Now the chief of police threatens to ban the game for another year.

Joe Carbone, of Glace Bay, has moved to Halifax. Carbone beat Jack McKenna in December in Glace Bay. He is likely to box in Halifax and St. John soon.

William J. McNulty, magazine and newspaper writer, is at present in St. John with his wife. Bill still is an ardent boxing fan. His stories have appeared in more than thirty magazines and two hundred newspapers, a few boxing stories being among the lot.

Not only is Bill famous as a writer, but he was at one time a professional record holder in swimming, boxed some in his younger days in Boston and New York, and played baseball and basketball. He was formerly on newspapers in Boston, New York, Bridgeport and New London. The Boston Sunday Post carried a lot of his stories during the past seven years.

Some of his experiences as swimming coach for the millionaires such as the Carnegies, Vanderbilst, Morgans, Astors, Goulds, etc., at Bar Harbor, have been published in the Sunday papers. His first book novel will be published some time during the spring. The title is "The North Land," but this title may be changed before the book is published in Boston.

Martin Flaherty, Jr., of Lowell, is now living in Halifax. He beat Nedder Healey, Art O'Grady and Dick Hunt of Halifax in Halifax. He hit Hunt on the latter's weak chin in the second round and Hunt was stopped. Hunt had been making a comeback and was doing well until he butted into Flaherty. Healey has been beaten a lot lately.

Mike Quinn, of Sydney Mines, is now living in New York. He may do some boxing there soon. He boxed often in the Cape Breton rings. A brother, Billy Quinn, boxes occasionally in Cape Breton.

Pete Kendricks, of St. John, a heavyweight who has been ill for about six months with typhoid, is looking for bouts again. There are three fighting brothers in this family. Jim Kendry, a heavy welter or middleweight, and Freeman Kendricks, a middleweight.

Roy Chisholm, old Halifax lightweight, has been out of the game for about six months. He may get back in the ring in the spring.

Kid Melanson, a lightweight of New Glasgow, wants to meet any of the Canadian lightweights. He may be matched with Red McDonald, of Halifax.

Bert Schneider, Canadian welterweight champion, was matched with George Fifield, of Toronto, for a St. John bout but Fifield's manager refused to let his man fight Schneider, who now lives in Jamestown, N. Y.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

For the first time in several years St. Thomas promoters swung into action with a professional boxing show and were rewarded with a record crowd and a capacity house, when they featured their own Cy Pook, former Canadian amateur light heavyweight champ, with Jack Meech, formerly of the North West Mounted Police. The latter,, despite the "anvil chorus" put up a mighty good battle, and although outpointed, he will be welcomed back with some other suitable opponent. The show reminded the old-timers of the days when Rocky Kansas, Patsy Droulliard, Jimmy Duffy and boys of that class used to visit this good little sporting center. This boy Cy Pook looks like a new find in the heavyweight ranks and with a few winning fights to his credit this hard-punching young fellow will be a force to reckon with.

Howard Mayberry got off to his first start after losing his title to Vic Foley, when he scored a victory over Homer LeBlanc in a hectic ten-rounder. Mayberry's showing on this occasion gave his supporters confidence and encouragement to demand a return fight with Foley.

Frankie Bull, Canadian lightweight champion, holder of the General Gunn belt, fighting the best fight of his career, gave Red Blanchard a terrific beating in Winnipeg. Bull made a host of friends with his supercleverness and they want to see Bull and Clonie Tait battle for honors.

Jackie Johnstone got his chance at the bantam crown when he met Vic Foley at the Coliseum. Over 4,000 fans oozed through the gates and paid $9,300, the best house here for many a day. Johnstone was weak at the bantam poundage and did not look at his best. The decision was a draw and most people thought that "Lady Luck" was with the Toronto boy, who did not look by far as good as he has in previous battles here.

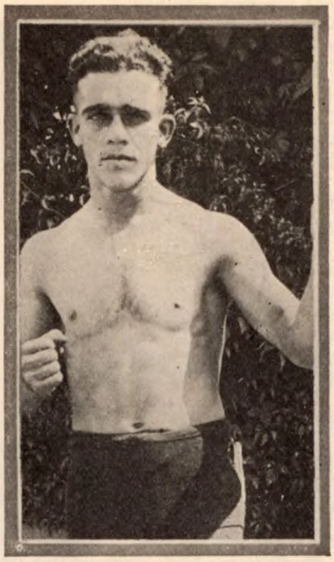
Alec Burley, now under the management of Willie Morrissey, scored a knockout over Kid Atherley. Tommy Mitchell, who shows improvement each time out, won the decision over Tony Ross, of Detroit. The latter won over Tommy in a previous encounter at Detroit so the boys are now "even-stephen." The best battle of the night was the Willie Davies-Frenchy Belanger, flyweight scramble, when the fans were treated to some clever, spectacular ringwork and good, hard, honest-to-goodness punching. The boys fought to a draw.

Harry Henning, former amateur middleweight champion, wants to have a smack at Jack Reddick. The latter claims the middleweight crown, but has not fought at 160 pounds for several years. The story behind this is that both boys are under the same management. Since Reddick returned from the South, working conditions have not gone on as smoothly as they should between manager and boxer, and the former offered to give Reddick his release if he would agree to meet Henning at the middleweight limit and put up a weight forfeit of $750 to $1,000.

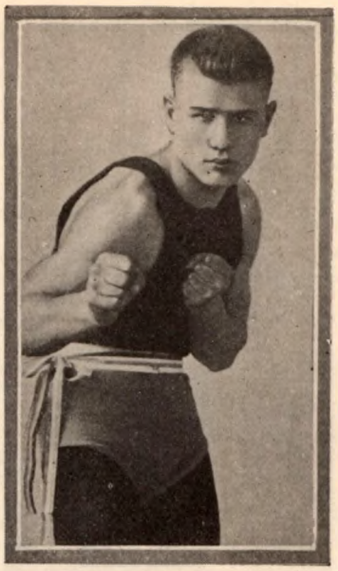
Up to the time of writing Reddick has not accepted the challenge.

Howard Mayberry earned his shot at the title and Vic Foley when he slipped over the "dream tablet" to Jimmy Britt, in the first round after two minutes of boxing. This was Britt's first battle as a bantam. On the same card Billy Leonard, of Syracuse, licked George Fifield after a pretty even battle. Ray Romney, of Niagara Falls, a new comer, stopped Phil Rivers in the fifth round, while Frenchy Bellanger got a decision by a narrow margin over Ken Raifman, of Montreal.

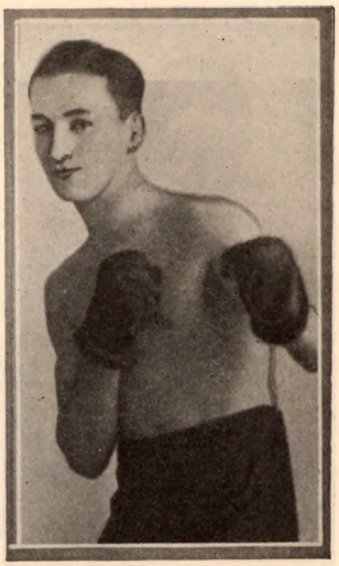
Anthony (Lefty) Thomas, Rochester lightweight,



Joe Fernandex of Honolulu, a star bantam, coming to U. S.



Jack Tracy, flyweight, who has moved from Jersey City to Detroit.



Al Meyers, Detroit's bantamweight middleweight.

ROCHESTER NOTES
By ROCKY CONTI

Phil Verdi, bantamweight champion of Western New York, seems to be unbeatable this year. Since January 1 he has defeated Chuck Feldman, Johnny Rosen and boxed draws with Rosey Stoy and Tommy Ryan. Verdi is to meet Bushy Graham at Madison Square Garden on March 2 for 10 rounds, which heads the bill of an all star card booked by Jack Carey.

Antony Lefty Thomas Juniro, lightweight champion of Western New York, will stage a comeback after being out of the boxing game for the past six months. He will meet Phil Logan of Jamestown in the semi-final to the Verdi-Graham bout.

Jack Di Neri, a local featherweight who recently boxed a draw with Cliff Case at Syracuse, N. Y., is training daily and hopes to show his wares before the local fans soon.

Osk Till, who recently boxed a draw with Augie Ratner, is taking a rest for a month. He hopes to start training as soon as he gets back from the Adirondacks where he is vacationing with his manager, Elmer Wiednick.

Till has been offered several good bouts since he met Ratner, one with Frankie Schoell of Buffalo, and another with Larry Estridge.

Billy Burke, a local lightweight, who has not appeared before the local club in some time, was substituted for Willie Buff to box Joe Grippe, of Mt. Morrison, on the all-star card headed by Verdi-Graham.

Eddie Hayes, Rochester's latest heavyweight sensation, was also on the card. He met Frank Kearns, who recently boxed a draw with Battling Siki. Hayes is better known as Billy Ryan and is a former Fordham University football star.

Mike Dempsey, local welterweight champion, who has met Micky Walker, Jock Maloney, Georgie Ward and all the leading welterweights in the country, has returned from the coast where he met Bert Colima, Lefty Cooper and several good boys. Dempsey hopes to get reinstated by the Boxing Commission and get a bout with Osk Till, Rochester's latest welterweight sensation.

Joe Russell, a local featherweight who has met Phil Verdi, Joey Kid Manuel and several other good boys in this section, has placed himself under the management of Jimmy Stanton, the fighting policeman, who also handles Carl Smith. Russell should get plenty of work under Stanton.

Alf Wade, Bill Nicholetts, junior lightweight, is the most feared lightweight in this section and it seems that none of the boys care to meet him. He is anxious to meet Willie Garrelli or Lefty Thomas.

MONTREAL NOTES
By EMMELL

Wow! What a disastrous month February was for the fighting sons of this fair province of Quebec. Leo "Kid" Roy, the Canadian featherweight champion, went, saw and was conquered in New York by Danny Kramer, Philadelphia southpaw. From newspaper accounts, Roy made quite a hit with the Garden fans by his wonderful stand against Kramer.

Sylvio Mireault, local nemesis of the feather champ, has been making Holyoke, Mass., his home for some time and has slowly but surely been building quite a following, met a tartar in Billy Petrolle, of Fargo. After about a minute of the first round, Sylvio was reposing majestically on the canvas, listening to the birdies for the first time in his professional career.

Ralph McNaughton, the Quebec City junior featherweight, decided to try his luck with some of the New England battlres down around New Bedford, Mass. After stowing away Young Diaz in 6 rounds, Ralph crossed gloves with "Chick" Suggs, much to his regret, for the bantam and featherweight champion of New England put the Quebecer down for keeps in the eighth round. Up to that period the fight was fairly even.

In the second round McNaughton brought the crowd to its feet by flooring the colored boy for a count of eight, something no other battler has done to Suggs, who, previous to meeting "Mac" had scored forty-two consecutive victories. They are to meet in a return bout shortly.

Jimmy Britt, former flyweight champion of Canada, who was knocked off the throne by Clovis Durand, the present champ, took a flyer to Toronto and got "smacked on the chin" by Howard Mayberry in the very first round, after a few light jabs. Howard sent over a right which proved to be the finisher. Out at Providence, Clovis Durand "lost the duke to Tony Mandell of Worcester, Mass. The "kid" has not been the same since his memorable battle here with Corporal Izzy Schwartz, who gave Durand quite a few pointers in the manly art.

Lou "Kid" Lewis, the "Lachine Flash" betook himself to Johnstown, Pa., and there took the measure of Ray Mitchell of Philadelphia, although the judges declared a draw. The "Kid" weighed 134¼ pounds to 136½ for Mitchell. It really is too bad the Dominion Boxing Federation did not send a representative down to New York to be entered in the lightweight elimination tournament.

The New York "Solons" appointed Clonie Tait as the Canadian representative. Why Clonie Tait? It is a mystery. Tait has been a resident in the United States for several years, has made few if any appearances in Canadian rings. Tait hasn't made the lightweight limit in many moons. It wouldn't be surprising if Lou "Kid Lewis," Solly Green, Frankie Bull and Ted Cossette offer to go to New York and fight Tait "gratis" the winner to represent Canada. The aforementioned quartette comprise the pick of Canada's lightweights.

The "Forum" Montreal's new arena, with a capacity of fifteen thousand seats for fistic entertainments, will be another club booking fights. None but high class bouts will be put on by the management. A return match between Leo "Kid" Roy and Bobby Garcia is an early attraction on the slate. A ten to fifteen thousand dollar gate is looked for here.

Solly Green has been appointed manager of the Prince Arthur gymnasium, sponsored by "Doc" Gadbois. A veritable hive for athletics, amateur and professional, the gym presents a busy appearance every afternoon and evening. Fortnightly smokers are held with pro and amateur talent contributing. Three successful smokers have already been held and a prosperous future is looked forward to by the management of the P. A. Gymnasium.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Don't Wait—The Ring Added 421 New Subscribers to its List During the Month of February.

Jimmy Bones, who styles himself bantam champion of Connecticut.

Joe Celmars, another bantam contender, with a good record.

Rochester, N. Y., is proud of its fighting bantam, Phil Verdi.

Jackie Coburn, Brooklyn junior lightweight, coming to the fore.

BOXING NEWS FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

By HAROLD WALSH

Carl Tremaine, of Cleveland, fighting the greatest battle of his long career, won Matt Hinkel's decision over Champion Eddie Martin at the end of twelve rounds of the most sensational fighting ever fought in a Cleveland ring.

Tremaine boxed like a master despite the fact that he is only half as good as the Tremaine of a few years back who made champions Pete Herman, Joe Lynch and Abe Goldstein dodge meetings with him. Jimmy Dunn had him in wonderful condition for the match and he forced the milling from the start keeping Martin off with a straight left jab and occasionally following with a right uppercut. It looked for a moment that Tremaine would knock Martin out in the very first minute of the fight but Eddie recovered and came back strong.

He knocked Carl down in the second and gave him a lacing in this round. Thereafter Tremaine held the upper hand but Martin constantly boring in, made a great battle of it. Eddie also was quite put out about the decision but there was no question but that Carl had won the verdict justly. Walter Taylor promoted the show and for a gentleman promoting his first he did very well. He took in $35,000 and outsmarted Martin's managers as Eddie received only $7,500 for his bit while Tremaine received 20 per cent. or almost as much.

After looking Martin over, the only thing one could say for him is that he is a second Battling Nelson. He is impervious to punishment both on his jaws and body as he paid little attention to Tremaine's blows, but for actual class Martin does not compare to bantam champions of by-gone days and it is a sure thing that Tremaine and Eddie Anderson, who are the leading bantams of the West, can both defeat him at 118 pounds.

Eddie Anderson, the Casper, Wyoming, battler, who fights out of Chicago under Eddie Long, has been fighting as a featherweight for the past six months but recently Eddie stepped on the scales at Youngstown for his fight with Charley Goodman and discovered the fact that he weighed only 120 pounds, so in the future Long has decided to challenge Martin in behalf of Anderson. Eddie outpointed Goodman easily in Youngstown. This was his second victory over the veteran New Yorker.

John Risko, youthful Cleveland heavyweight, engaged in two bouts recently. He lost a close decision to Sully Montgomery in twelve rounds at Cleveland a few days later, knocking out Wild Burt Kenny in seven rounds at Canton. Risko is a mighty good prospect and has done very well against Marty Burke, Montgomery, Romero-Rojas and others that he has been called upon to meet.

It was a tough break for Warnie Smith when he suffered a broken jaw in his first appearance in Madison Square Garden recently in his bout with Larry Estridge. The Oklahoma cow-puncher knocked Larry down and all but out in the first and then had to quit in the fifth with a broken jaw. Warnie was matched with Stribling at Milwaukee and Alvis had to cancel this and four other matches. Ray, however is doing very well and has Connie Curry, Eddie Shea, Cowboy Padgett and other members of his stable battling every week.

Willie Ames, junior lightweight, of Akron, Ohio, is boxing in the best form of his career, winning over Johnny Dundee, Frankie Garcia, Manuel Flores, Joe Paglina and others during the past year. He recently boxed two sensational draws with Eddie Anderson and is matched for a third session with Anderson at Barberton, March 12th. Willie is seeking a match with Kid Sullivan.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOHNNY HINES

Tommy Kid Murphy added two more scalps to his already large collection since the last issue of this book when he was given the decision of the three officials over Danny Gartin at the Quaker-City Armory. The decision was received without a dissenting voice.

Freddie Jacks was the second to face defeat. So uneven was this contest that the fans pleaded that the referee stop it as early as the fourth round. Seeing that the referee did not intend to intervene, Murphy eased up on his foe from the sixth to the final, being content to go on outboxing his opponent, taking great care not to injure his Briton foeman any more than possible.

Joe Reno, Trenton lightweight, suffered his first kiockout at the hands of Lew Tendler, Philadelphia southpaw. Joe had recently waged a good battle with Jack Zivic at the Philadelphia arena. Two weeks later Zivic stopped Tendler in Pittsburgh. A Reno-Tendler match was then arranged and as told, Lew stopped Joe in five heats, which all goes to make a return Zivic-Tendler bout look good for the Philadelphia ball park.

The writer has two matches pending for Tony Darcy and Willie Tucker, Brooklyn boys, both of whom are represented by Yours Truly in Trenton. The writer is perhaps better known by THE RING readers as Eddie McFarland. Darcy's opponent is suffering with a series of boils while Tucker's foe to be is a victim of tonsilitis. The writer as well as Tucker and Darcy are praying for a speedy recovery.

The Sacred Heart A. A., a local athletic club which is well known in Jersey by its victories registered in basketball, baseball and track events, has adopted boxing as its major sport and would welcome invitations to compete in out of town meets. Address all communications to Barry Gorman, Sacred Heart A. A., Trenton, N. J.

MAINE NOTES

By R. A. WATHERBEE

Eddie (Cannonball) Martin is the third world's bantamweight champion to show in Portland in twenty-two months. Without extending himself he outpointed Willie Spencer of New York, at the Eastern A. C. show on February 16, in a twelve round no-decision bout.

Portland fans are seeing high class talent in action. Martin, Spencer, Young Stribling, Jeff Smith, Frank Moody, Eddie (Kid) Wagner, Corp. Izzy Schwartz, and Pal Reed, are some of the boys who have appeared there in the last few months.

Jim Maloney, New England heavyweight champ, won a one-round knockout over Battling McCreary in Portland recently. After about two minutes of fighting, Jim knocked the colored battler through the ropes. There was a merry scramble at the ringside; McCreary's seconds trying to boost their man back and Maloney's handlers fighting to prevent them. In the meantime, Referee Tom Breen completed the count.

Young Pooler of South Brewer, a few years ago Maine's best welter, was recently the victim of an automobile accident.

Tommy Fleurant, Maine featherweight champion, made his big time debut in Boston recently. He lost the decision.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

Fans in this section of the country are being favored with some great cards these days, the greatest in fact in the memory of the oldtimers. This is as it should be, as the boxing fans in this section have been imposed upon in the past by unscrupulous managers, matchmakers and others, who thanks to the efforts of the Boxing Commission have taken the only alternative left by going to work. With their departure, boxing has taken a new lease on life hereabouts and the promoters who have the confidence of the fans are showing a profit on the right side of the ledger for the first time in many moons.

The Sully Montgomery-Jack Sharkey bout packed them in for the Suffolk A. A. this month in Boston. Sully's showing was disappointing to his many friends hereabouts. He appeared to be drawn too fine and was undoubtedly handicapped by a weak knee, a relic of his football days at Centre College. Sharkey's work was a revelation after his dismal showing against Romero Rojas. He hooked and jabbed Sully for nine of the ten rounds and won just as he pleased. Now the fans are clamouring for a return match between him and Jimmy Maloney and it looks as if their wishes will be gratified. For the club that secures this "plum" it means some "dough," for the fans some "fight."

Tiger Flowers, the latest sensation in fistic circles, stopped tough old Tommy Robson before a capacity crowd at the Commercial Club in Boston. Tommy landed his terrific right hand sock a number of times in the first two rounds and had the Tiger noticeably worried but after that he took to the defensive and it was all over but the cheering as the Tiger, in windmill style, hit Tommy with such a barrage of rights and lefts and the referee intervened in the eighth round when Tommy was indeed a sorry looking spectacle but full of fight. Robson's record of never being floored is still intact, however, as he is a game old warrior.

Jimmy Maloney stopped Battling McCreary at Portland, Maine in one round. The result was a genuine surprise to the fans in this section as McCreary is labelled "tough" although very slow in action and thinking. Evidently Jimmy allowed the Battler no time to concentrate but just applied the finisher in the form of a right cross. Maloney's stablemate Harry Foley drew with K. O. Liberty in the semi-final in one of the greatest slugfests seen in Maine in many years.

Joe Tiplitz ran out of his bout with Jack Zivic here and the Armory A. A., the sponsor, lost $3,000. Tiplitz walked into the hall, looked over the slim gathering and then departed for Philly. The preliminary bouts went on as scheduled and then the fans had their money refunded as a suitable opponent to Zivic could not be found on such short notice. Tiplitz has since been suspended by the Massachusetts Boxing Commission which has a working agreement with all states where boxing is legalized.

Willie Gradwell beat Gunboat Jack and Billy Murphy outfought Al Holzman at the Moody A. C. of Lowell before a large gathering. Cecil Dodge, matchmaker of this club, deserves credit for keeping boxing on a high plane in the Spindle City.

Charley Weinert outpointed Jack Sharkey before a capacity crowd at the Suffolk A. A. show in Boston in a bout wherein clever boxing predominated. Sharkey had a shade in the first five rounds by reason of his great aggressiveness, but after that Weinert came to life and demonstrated why he must be considered among the country's best. Sharkey's showing convinced local followers of boxing that with a little more experience he will be a very formidable foe for any of the "big fellows."

Eddie Polari of East Boston, who answers to the name of Eddie Williams inside the hempen square, has a new manager in the person of Boston Blackie who has started right in to keep him busy. Williams is a former New England amateur champion and has had eighteen "pro" bouts winning seventeen of them and losing a decision to Willie Corbett, the Harvard boxer. Eddie meets Billy Murphy of Lowell in the feature bout at the Casino A. C. of Lynn this month and as both boys are southpaws the fur is sure to fly.

Rocky Stone, star heavyweight of Bobby Goldman's stable, defeated Dominquez, the Spanish boxer in the semi-windup at the Suffolk. A. A. show here in a bout that was a riot of comedy from start to finish. Stone has Nick Altrock stopped when he starts to perform and the applause that greets him and the inimitable method he has in acknowledging it even when stopping gloves, is a sure cure for dull care.

Toney Carney, that great little bantam from New Bedford, turned in some great work here this month when he defeated Johnny Harko, the Manchester Flash and Sammy Fuller, the idol of Boston's Little Italy. Carney is a rugged battler who is showing improvement with each start. He is a great card in southeastern Massachusetts.

Jimmy Maloney, sensational South Boston contender for heavyweight honors, decisively defeated Romero Rojas the South American heavy in a bout that for heavy hitting on Maloney's part and gameness on Rojas' side will linger long in the memories of the fans who witnessed the contest. Maloney scored three knockdowns, two in the second round and the other in the 3rd and came within an ace of doing what no other boxer has done as yet, stopping Rojas for a full count. But Romero is as game as they come and then some, and if he could only box, what a tough bird he would be. As for Maloney, when one considers that he boxed as an amateur less than year ago, his showing is all the more remarkable. With proper care on the part of his handlers, he may yet knock on Tiger Jack's door for recognition. Jim is twenty-two years old and married, has one child and is a real credit to the boxing profession.

Hambone Kelly another South Bostonian in the same stable with Maloney, is training daily and is ready to step in and box on a moment's notice. Jackie Clark is the latest boxer to pass up Hambone as too tough and that's going some, as Clark has met them all.

A Boston doctor who is a great boxing fan wrote to the Boston Post and asked the Sports Editor if in his opinion, New England was producing as many stars today as in bygone days. The Editor published the letter and invited readers to answer.

A letter sent in by Jack Sheehan, the veteran referee, was published and in his missive Jack gave as his opinion from close observation, that New England was producing as many stars today as in the past and went ahead and named stars from bantams to heavies who ranked with the old timers.

With all due respect to Jack's experience, he sure will have a hard time convincing any of the "old boys" that New England is still producing the equal of the following: Jimmy Walsh, Al Delmont, Jimmy Briggs, Chester Goodwin, Matty Baldwin, Rouse O'Brien, Eddie Murphy, Joe Wolcott, Jimmy Gardner, Sam Langford, Sandy Ferguson and the immortal John L. Sullivan.

A restaurant on Boston's Newspaper Row is a "hangout" for Boston's fight managers as they prefer to be known. There bouts are arranged every hour and cancelled the next hour, receipts are counted, coming champions boomed, absent managers "panned" and what not, and when the cold gray of dawning comes they rush off to where nobody knows to meet again another night.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

Al. Fremin, American Legion matchmaker in Biloxi has closed several high-class bouts for the future. The much talked about Earl Bascle and Pockie Lockie match has matured. They will mingle sometime next month.

Ray Schaeffer, Bay St. Louis featherweight, is improving rapidly. He has defeated Adam Gomez, Tommy Fowlks and Sammy Pizzitola in his last three starts. Schaeffer will be heard from in the pugilistic field this year.

Gene Tunney was a visitor here recently and was very enthusiastic over local training conditions. Tunney intends to spend a month in these parts the coming summer.

Arnold Davidson, manager of Tut Seymour, announces that he has closed for several matches for his battler in New Orleans. He will leave sometime after that for the Pacific Coast.

Cave Man Farace, flyweight of Bay St. Louis, ventured to the Crescent City recently and won five fights. Farace is one of the most pleasing fighters in these parts.

Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis and Gulfport clubs will swing into action this month with some high-class fistic attractions.

Jack Doyle, claimant of the Southern flyweight championship, is expected to invade these parts shortly. Doyle since his last showing here has met such battlers as Kid Carlin, Pascal Colletti, Delos Williams and others. Doyle drew the biggest gate of last season when he defeated Indian Russell in ten rounds.

Earl Bascle, hard punching flyweight of New Orleans, who made a great hit here last season, is going great in his home town. Bascle has stopped the last six opponents he has faced. Pockie Lockie and Bascle will probably draw the banner house of the season.

Norman Moran, Pass Christian welterweight, has placed himself under the wing of Paul La Croix. Moran will go far under the guidance of La Croix.

Joe Lewis, Baton Rouge, La., lightweight, has invaded these parts and advance reports indicate he has plenty of class. Lewis and Sailor Johnson will probably mingle sometime this month.

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FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA
By COLEMAN McGRILL

On February 20 in Savannah, Ga. where Young Stribling knocked out Ted Jamieson, of Milwaukee in the sixth round of a scheduled ten round bout, the house was extremely large. Jamieson took an awful amount of punishment in the last two rounds.

Larry Avera again proved to Southern ring followers that he is way above those chosen as his opponents when he decisively defeated Ken Burris in ten rounds in Charlotte, N. C. Avery has turned from a fancy boxer to a rugged, willing battler within the past eighteen months. He is creating a sensation here. Today he is one of the most sought fighters hereabouts. Recently Billy Lotz, Avera's manager displayed six offers he received in one day for the services of his star performer, and all within two weeks, Lotz was compelled to turn down some and accept the others.

Lew Silver, hard socking little dental student is fighting his way into shape after a long layoff. Silver knocked out "Chief" Otalvaro, a junior welterweight from Fort Benning, in the seventh round of a scheduled ten round bout. While the Indian was not the best boy Silver has met, he is a real tough individual who has met some pretty good boys and always managed to be there when the final bell rang. With Silver who weighed 130 pounds, the Soldier had no chance at any time.

Chas. Loch, Columbus, Ga. wrestler has a good prospect in Dick White, a youngster who looks promising. White has a terrific punch in his right hand, when he is in action. White is a close resemblance to Young Stribling.

Tim O'Dowd, local featherweight, journeyed to Havana, Cuba and engaged Tony Valdes in a fifteen round bout. O'Dowd scored a knockout in nine rounds over the Cuban.

Walk Miller, manager of "Deacon" Flowers, is contemplating staging a show here during the month of March. Miller plans using his fighting "Deacon" against some well known battler.

Tommy Jones, junior featherweight of Atlanta, is going at a great pace in Tampa, Fla. where he has been spending the winter. Tommy has not lost a fight in six months. He is gradually developing into a corking good battler.

Major Keely, who is at the head of the Fort McPherson, (Ga.) Athletic association is now staging bouts in camp, his initial show was between Larry Avera and K. O. Moore, a soldier fighter, whom Avera defeated in ten rounds after both boys put up a real stubborn battle, Major Keely informed the writer that he will continue to pull shows twice a month and is now dickering with Bobby Garcia, the army featherweight for an early date in April. Lew Silver perhaps will face the Army battler.

Billy McGowan, local light-heavy who faced Stribling three times, and gave a good account of himself against the Georgia peach, is another battler who is showing lots of improvement. McGowan, though only a youngster, has battled some of the best men in the light-heavy class.

Kid Nappie, who won the title of "Champion RING seller," is making an effort to get in shape for a comeback. Nappie always was a pleasing battler, and should be able to entertain the fight fans when he starts in the ring.

Dixie has a new sensation in "Jem" Mace, conceded to be the greatest preliminary fighter in the South. He is managed by Pal Flourmay of Atlanta. Mace is a natural born left handed battler, standing five feet, seven and one half inches and weighing 128 pounds.

Mace is a mere lad, being only seventeen years old. He is a typical Southern boy and holds the unique distinction of being the youngest non-commissioned officer in the Georgia National Guards holding the rank of Quarter Master Sargent in the Service Company, 122 Infantry. He is a former boy scout and is a regular attendant of the Central Baptist Church being a member of that choir.

MEXICO NOTES
By V. PAUL HOPWOOD

Approximately 4,500 fight fans turned out to see the opening boxing show at the Tampico Bull Ring on March 1, at which an all star card was advertised.

A fifteen round bout between Sam Cole, negro middleweight of Memphis, and Carpenter of Cuba, was won by the latter. Fast Black, the ebony hued welterweight from Indianapolis, knocked out Ray Maywood of Wichita Falls, Texas, in the third round of a scheduled fifteen rounder. Rabbit Palmer of San Antonio, and Battling Eddie of El Paso, put up the best fight on the card with Eddie winning in ten rounds. L. Turrbiates of Tampico, won in six rounds from Pedro Garcia of Cuba. Garcia, though a loser by decision, put up a mighty game scrap.

Other Tampico bouts at the Isabel Arena, in Tampico, were well patronized. During March and February, at the Isabel, Tommy white won a fifteen round decision over Arnoldo Zavala. White was outweighed fourteen pounds in this engagement.

Carlos Garcia, from Mexico City, fought eight rounds against Joe Dias, a Cuban negro boxer, the bout terminating in a well earned decision for Garcia.

Clemente Mar, of Tampico, and Chato Hernandez of Mexico City, mixed matters for six rounds with the decision being given in favor of Mar.

Porfirio Noriago, from Vera Cruz, and the Porto Rican, Manuel Gonzales, put up a stirring scrap while it lasted. The Porto Rican knocked out his Mexican rival in the fourth round.

Frankie McFarland of San Antonio, and Mickey Cromwell of Fort McIntosh, Texas, appeared at the N. Laredo Bull Ring on the 24th of February to box, but the bout was postponed through lack of attendance.

Boxing throughout Mexico continues to boom and all the boxing cities of the Republic are holding big shows every Saturday and Sunday. Tampico at the present time is about the best drawing city.

Manuel Rodriguez Ayon, of Tampico, has a long lease on the Plaza de Toros (Bull Ring) and will show his fans a high class card of fistic entertainment each Sunday afternoon.

Mexico promoters are still frantically trying to bring in a fighter who can whip Tommy White, who has been the lightweight champion of the Republic for nearly two years.

Rabbit Palmer, the little blonde featherweight from San Antonio, Texas, is coming along great and putting up some great fights in Tampico. He is helping to build up the game in the oil city.

Mickey McCarty, a welterweight from Chicago, Ill., is also creating a big fuss in the fight circles around the state of Tamilipas and is winning all his bouts. On January 24, McCarty won in the sixth round from Anordo Zaval at Tampico, and one week later Mac lost to Whitey Black in Monterey.

Boxing in Monterey is now under the sole direction of Rodriguez y Hons (Rodriguez and Bros.). The Rodriguez brothers have been showing to capacity houses in the Obrero theatre and the Plaza de Toros every week since the season opened.

We predict a great future for the little fly weight, Rudolfo Palos Torreon of Nuevo Laredo, who fights under the name of "Tigre Torreon." The little fellow is the champion of the state of Tamilipas and lays claim to the championship of the Republic. Torreon is under the management of F. Carrillo, who is looking for matches for his little tiger in Mexico and Texsa.

Since January 11, when Tommy White won the decision over Maximo Junigo, a California middleweight, at Mexico City, White has knocked out Whitey Black, a Memphis negro middleweight, at Monterey, Mexico; won a fifteen round decision over Arnoldo Zavala, a Mexican middleweight, at Tampico; won a twelve-round decision over Indianapolis Fast Black, a negro welterweight; knocked out Oklahoma Joe Ferguson, middleweight, at Nuevo Laredo in the sixth round, and won a "kayo" over San Antonio Johnny Simpson in eleven rounds at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. White may soon come to New York with Don Curley, his manager.

On January 10, Tommy White won a ten round decision over Maximo Juniga, the middleweight sparring partner of Tony Fuente. White beat Juniga at Mexico City, then White went to Monterrey, Mexico, and knocked out Whitey Black, the negro middleweight, who has fought Tiger Flowers a couple of times, and just to keep his hand in with the big fellows, White journied then to Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, and knocked out Joe Ferguson, a Canadian 170-pounder.

Mickey McCarty, a fast welterweight of Chicago, Ill., is managed by Don Curley. Curley sent his Irishman into Mexico for a series of bouts and so far McCarty has won three contests in the Southern Republic. McCarty beat Arnoldo Zavala in the seventh round at Tampico, and won from Black at Monterey, then returned to Tampico for another win one week later.

TEXAS NOTES
By DON CEE

The word, that Tommy White of Texas City was a cow puncher and bronc buster before he entered the boxing game, is well substantiated as on February 22, at the Washington birthday celebrations at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, and Laredo, Texas, the twin border cities, the writer witnessed Tommy White win in the eleventh round of a scheduled twelve round fight from Johnny Simpson at Nuevo Laredo on the Mexican side of the river in the early afternoon and in the evening White journeyed out to the ball park where a rodeo was in progress on the Texas side of the river in Laredo. There he rode the worst horse the rodeo entertainment committee could produce. White also swung a wicket lariat, though was alittle rusty at the rope swinging as he has not practised for several years. White is a former Laredo citizen, having been born in Chihuahua, North Mexico, and raised on a ranch near Laredo, Texas.

Kid Pancho, the San Antonio flyweight and champion of the Southwest at his weight, will go to Tampico and Monterey, Mexico, for several bouts this month and next.

Jackie Moore of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, battered Battling Guerro around at the Elks

Club in San Antonio, and easily won the 8-round decision on February 2.

K. O. Laliberte, of Lewiston (130 pounds), is one Maine boy who continues to win with regularity.

The mit game is returning to Bangor again! Ed Bennet and Duncan McDonnald each obtained licenses for shows in March. Before the lid went on, three of the last five shows in Bangor and Brewer were financial failures, but the boys want to try it again and it is hoped that the old sport will at last be established on a sound basis.

Wee Willie Woods and Charlie Baxter are to feature Bennet's card.

BOXING NOTES FROM WASH., D. C.
By PATSY DONOVAN

Due to the death of Andy Bowen's father on the night of his scheduled ten round bout at Fort Myer with Kid Julian of Baltimore, it was necessary to run the semi-final bout of 10 rounds between Al Ward and Jack Renso as the feature. The management substituted three additional four rounders in lieu of the main attraction. Ward and Renso fought a terrific battle with each fighter having the upper hand at times. At the final bell Renso was the stronger fighter and deserved the edge.

A. Foram of Fort Myer, won the post lightweight title by knocking out Eddie DeSimon in the opening round of the scheduled ten round semi-final. Willie Ptomey beat Kid Sabatini, Kid Groves and Al Cody boxed a draw and Kid Bolen again defeated Jimmy Gardiner in the four rounders. More than 4,000 fans paid their way to see the show.

Young Dencio, local flyweight, did not look so good in his recent bout in Baltimore against Kid Wolfe, of Philadelphia. Dencio appeared to be a little shop worn and his manager, Frank Dane, has put him on the shelf for a couple of weeks. It was the poorest exhibition Dencio has made to date. Dencio has boxed Izzy Schwartz, Benny Schwartz, Johnnie Buff and several other good flyweights in this vicinity and is very popular with the fans here.

Al Foram of Ft. Myer, is rapidly coming to the front in these parts. From a curtain raiser to a main bouter in six months is Al's speed here.

Joe Piscatella, also of Ft. Myer, is very popular in Baltimore although he seldom appears on the cards at his post. His last appearance at the Post he knocked out Midget Carbon, former flyweight champion of the U. S. Army.

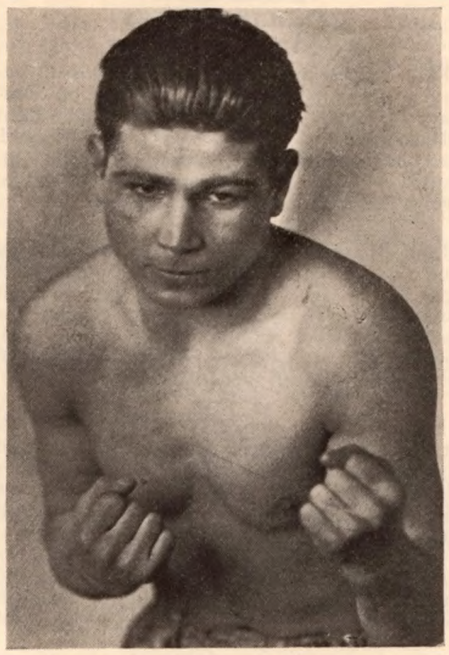
Jack Turner, local middleweight, disposed of Mike Owens in three rounds in the feature bout at the Washington Barracks on February 9. Owens received a deep gash over his left eye early in the second round and looked a terrible sight when the fight was stopped. Turner outclassed his opponent a million miles.

In the semi-final Toney Cortez won the decision over Al Cody of Ft. Myer, in the best bout of the evening. "Count" Adolph Malina of the Argentine, made a wonderful showing against his more experienced opponent, Jack Caforna. Caforna received the decision but the Count made himself popular by his wonderful stand. Willie Morrison knocked out Joe Rivers in the fourth round of the six round opener.

To the surprise of many, Willie Ptomey, Ft. Myer middleweight, held the tough Jimmy Waterman to an eight round draw here. In the very first round Willie popped Jimmy on the chin and put him down for the count of nine. It looked like curtains for the Navy fighter, but Jimmy pulled himself together and weathered the storm. From the fourth round on Jimmy held an upper hand but Willie's early lead easily earned him a draw.

In the semi-final Young Mickey received the decision over Johnnie Conroy. Kid Groves pasted Willie Morrison and Chuck Ruben earned the decision over Kid Bolen.

Flyweight Contender



Jimmy Russo of Grand Rapids, Mich., who is making rapid strides. His manager, Jimmy Lowe of 245 West 47th Street, New York City, hopes to have his charge meet Frankie Genaro for the championship this summer.

Terry O'Day of Belfast, Ireland, and Hillie Miske of California, fought a sensational fight here on February 16. Miske received the decision after 10 rounds of real action. It was the best fight to be staged at a private club this season.

Kid Woods lost to K. O. McCallars in the semi-final of six rounds. Young Mickey knocked out Sailor Nelson and Young Oscar lost to Kuttie Nelson in the four round opener. A battle royal opened the show which was attended by approximately 2,000. Heinie Miller, sports editor of the Washington Herald, refereed the show.

The New National Sporting Club got under way at the Washington Auditorium on February 17. Martin Burke easily defeated Sully Montgomery in the feature bout. Wolfe Larson and Charlie Potash boxed a draw. Young Dencio easily defeated Fly Farren of Fall River, Mass., and Goldie Ahern defeated Lew Gugilmini in the best bout of the evening.

Toney Cortez of the City Club, is showing fine form. Toney, who is now just 18 years old has only been boxing 12 months. Negotiations are undar way for matching Toney with either Andy Bowen or Al Foram at one of the local clubs in a star bout.

Texas Stovall, who by the way is of Indian parentage, has resumed training after a lay-off of over two months, due to broken hands. Tex is by far the most terrific puncher in these parts, but like so many other hard hitters his hands are fragile. Tex is one of the few boys to stop the tough Jimmy Brock of Baltimore. Tex also holds a knockout over Patsy Mozier, welterweight champion of the U. S. Navy (Atlantic).

Can you imagine an open air fight on February 25, in Washington, D. C., drawing more than 2,000 paid customers? Well that is just what happened at the Washington Barracks when Jack Turner met Charlie Baum of Baltimore in the feature 10 round bout. The fans all wrapped in overcoats enjoyed the entire show regardless of the weather. This show was to be held indoors but due to the small capacity of the house it was decided to hold the same outdoors. Turner was disqualified in the eighth round on a low punch. Turner was leading by a good margin at the time the foul was committed.

The semi-final of 10 rounds between Eddie Bowen and Nick Brown was full of action the entire distance. Bowen won by a wide margin but Nick was always willing and at times made it very interesting for Eddie. Willie Ptomey of Ft. Myer, continued his winning ways by winning over Curley Warfield in a six rounder. Jack Caforna won over Kid Bolen in the opening six rounder.

PITTSBURGH AND VICINITY
By BILLY LEWIS

Jack Zivic, crack Pittsburgh battler, who recently stopped Lew Tendler, has asked that THE RING correct a statement which appeared in its recent Question and Answer columns. It was stated that Jack comes of Polish parentage. Zivic says that he was born of American-Crotian parentage. There is a vast difference between the two.

Joe Pop Barrett again is managing the affairs of Johnnie Gill. After piloting this battler to many successes Barrett and Gill severed relations, but they have made up their differences and Barrett hopes soon to have his charge showing in New York. Gill started boxing when 16 years old, and has had more than 100 battles and never suffered a knockout.

The great showing of Wee Willie Davies since turning pro has interested many fight fans throughout the city. In recent bouts, Johnny Hamm and Frankie Mason former flyweight champion lost decisions to Davies.

Tommy Ryan seems to be the only good 118 pound fighter in Western Pennsylvania. Ryan's goal in life is to ornament his head with the crown of the new champion, "Cannonball" Martin.

The Smoky City has many good featherweights on hand such as: Frankie Porto, Kid Carpentier, Johnny Moore, Pete Zivic, Bricky Ryan, Joe Novak and George Thaise alias Young Jack Metz. Out of this lot, many consider Frankie Porto as the best as he has defeated Pete Zivic, Johnny Moore, Bricky Ryan and Tony Norman. Anyone who can best that quartette must certainly have the "stuff."

Motor Square Garden has been idle for the past two months but will get going again this month.

Dick Hyland, the Buffalo lightweight would like nothing better than a chance at Boylstein and if this bout goes through the fans will see a real treat, for Boylstein thus far, has been fed on setups and Hyland will be the first good boy he has met since turning pro.

The fight fans of this city are watching Paddy "Boo" Ryan. Boo always gives the fans a run for their jack and he is well liked.

Boxing is sure picking up in and around Pittsburgh and several new clubs have gotten under way.

Harry Greb won three fights in one day a few weeks ago and proved himself a real hero. Harry was picked out by three highwaymen as easy picking and when they set upon him, Greb proceeded to K. O. one of them and beat up the other two.

Homer Robertson will return from Knoxville, Tenn., in a few weeks and will most likely box Harry Menning at Toronto, Can.

Menning is going big up Canada way and if Robertson defeats him it means more fights for him at Jack Corcoran's club in Toronto.

MILWAUKEE NEWS
By FRED SADDY

Frankie Monroe, Pacific Coast boxer, proved a surprise when he defeated Joey Sanger here on February 9. The Westerner was far too clever for the local featherweight. On the same card Connie Currie won from Eddie Macy, and Jack Feldheim of Chicago handed Jack Zalice a neat lacing for three rounds and finally knocked him out in the following round.

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion, was given a rousing reception at his coming out part as a wrestler. Johnson tossed Andre Anderson, also a former boxer, with comparative ease. He expressed his desire to box here and was put to a physical examination by the local boxing commission and found to be in surprisingly good condition.

The commission rules prohibits any one over the age of 38 from engaging in any boxing contest and it is not likely that the commission will waive this rule for Johnson.

Pete Sarmiento and Joey Sangor boxed ten fast rounds at Minneapolis Feb. 20. Twin City critics failed to agree on a verdict some calling it a draw while the others credited the Milwaukee lad with a shade decision.

Milwaukee fans were elated over the K. O. victory of Tommy O'Brien over George Chaney in New York recently. O'Brien, who hails from Milwaukee and at present is making New York his home will find a keen rival for local lightweight honors in the person of Harry Kahn. Kahn has been coming along rapidly the past year and is today one of the classiest bit of fighting machinery in this part of the country.

Floored for the count of nine in his bout with Charlie Glaser of Chicago, Joe Azzarella came back and won the popular verdict. The bout was held at Oshkosh, Wis., on Feb. 19. They are featherweights.

Jimmy Delaney, St. Paul, Minn., protege of Mike Gibbons, and Young Stribling of Macon, Ga., fought an even ten round bout here on Feb. 27. Although Stribling landed the cleaner and harder blows Delaney forced the fighting and was the aggressor throughout.

CAROLINA NOTES
By NIXON E. JONES

Ken Burris and Larry Avery boxed before a capacity house at Charlotte on February 16. Avery won the decision. The fight did not please the fans. Burris is a rugged, hard hitting boy and Avery just the opposite. Although Burris carried the fight to Avery, he was clearly outpointed.

Jack Renault stopped Charlie Burke in jig time in the third round with a very light right to the button, at Fort Bragg. Renault would draw from many miles around the post if he were matched with a good opponent. Although he was a little over weight he handled himself very nicely.

Bob Martin enlisted in the Fifth Field Artillery for a period of three years. This is the oldest organization in the United States Army, dating back to 1776. Martin will have charge of boxing in Ft. Bragg. He will be under Lieut. Fred E. Coyne, who is one of the South's leading matchmakers. Chief Mayle, heavyweight champion of the Army, knocked out McCune of the Marines in the semi-final to the Renault-Burke fight

The best fight on the card was Young Devecea and Battling Dick. This was declared a draw but the decision was not popular. Dick should have been given the shade.

Tommy "Kid" Williams of Charleston, has been matched with Pinky May of Savannah, Ga. They have met before, Williams getting the decision.

The South is troubled with sport writers handilng boxers and writing stories about their boys winning over other boys. What is a good cure for this pest? Such was the case with Burris and Avery at Charlotte. Jimmy Burns, who is on an Atlanta paper, his paper carried a story about how bad Avery beat Burris, giving Avery credit for a knockdown which was not so.

Johnny McGinty of Birmingham, Ala., has been trying to get promoters to match him with Joe Bashara of Norfolk, Va., or Jack Turner, of Washington, D. C., and from his record it looks that Bashara or Turner would be lucky to get by him.

BALTIMORE NOTES
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

Baltimore's entries in the tournament conducted by the New York Boxing Commission to select a new lightweight champion to succeed Benny Leonard didn't fare so well. George Chaney, picked by many to be the ultimate winner because of his punching ability, struck a tartar right off the bat and was battered to the floor by Mr. Tommy O'Brien, of Milwaukee, after having the scrap apparently well in hand. O'Brien was due to take a nap along about the sixth round but Chaney carelessly left his most vulnerable spot uncovered and the Westerner, quick to take advantage of George's neglect, planted a terrific right hand wallop on the K. O. King's jaw and it was curtains.

Joe Dundee lost out in his bout simply because he was the victim of a horrible decision at the hands of the judges. Joe hooked up with Charley O'Connell, of Cleveland, and O'Connell was declared the winner.Benny Franklin, the Baltimore promoter, who witnessed the bouts, has offered both Western lads large purses to show their wares in this city with the same opponents, but it is unlikely either will accept.

Benny Schwartz, who seemed to be on the upgrade again, was badly worsted by Harold Farese in their match at the Folly Theatre. Schwartz was in front for the first and second stanzas, but Farese opened up in the third and thrice floored the Baltimore boy. On each occasion Benny claimed a foul. Referee Herman Miller allowed each claim, but was overruled by the judges. Becoming enraged at the treatment he was accorded, Farese left the ring and refused to return even when ordered to do so by the Boxing Commission members. The Commission declared the bout "no contest" and held up the principal's money.

Charlie Baum, Sammy Harris's welterweight, won on a foul from Jackie Turner, the soldier fighter. These boys met at the Washington Barracks before a crowd of 3,000 fans despite the fact that the show was held outdoors and on a night that was far from warm. Nick Brown, the local lad who has been doing so well, was badly beaten by Eddie Bowen, the Washington bantam, in the semi-windup. Brown was on the floor eight times during the bout and never had a chance with the little blond battler.

Most of Baltimore's flyweights have dropped temporarily out of sight. Nate Carp and Little Jeff havent appeared here in a match for some time, but it is likely they are getting ready for the outdoor season. Benny Franklin intends to stage some first class shows here this summer and he even now is getting out his lines for the premier performers in all classes.

MAINE NOTES
By R. A. WEATHERBEE

The come-back staged by the Prodigal Son was hardly more successful than that of the return of boxing to Bangor, at the Chateau on March 2, when Ed Bennett put on the initial show.

In the twin-six main bout, Charley Baxter, of Pawtucket, R. I., fighting a brainy, clever battle, earned a draw with Wee Willie Woods, flyweight champion of Scotland. Referee Billy Barry's work was most satisfactory.

In a 6-round semi-final Harry Drew, of Biddeford, 124 pounds, substituting for Tommy Fleurant, and Joey Ross, of East Boston, 122 pounds, finished even. Like the other bouts on the card, this one was exceptionally fast and clean.

In a hectic six round preliminary, the ancient Pal Lorraine had a slight edge on Jimmy Maroon who, however, nearly flattened the Delicate Dane a dozen times with his hefty right.

Although the Woods-Baxter show was one of the best ever staged in these parts and over 800 fans were in attendance, the promoter lost about $50 on it.

Owing to an injured mitt, K. O. Liberte had to turn down an offer for a bout in Bangor with Wally Theroux, of Nashua, N. H. K. O. is popular in Bangor since the nifty way in which he handled Al Horsman (the original Al of Riverside, N. J.) and Norman Regan, last season.

The state legislature, now in session, is considering a bill to create a state boxing commission and to legalize ten round bouts with a referee and two judges. Such a bill was introduced in 1921 but after passing both houses was vetoed by Gov. Baxter.

A few days before the above, Nick Madonna, of Boston, defeated Al Bergeron, of New Bedford, before the Portland fans. Steve Travers, popular Biddeford featherweight, lost to Johnny McDonald in the semi-final.

PICKED UP By THE RING Correspondents In California

February was the biggest month for California boxing since the introduction of the new bill, and the Golden State fans enjoyed some of the finest main events staged in the country. Two world's champions and two prospective title holders performed before some of the biggest crowds in California pugilistic history.

When Kid Kaplan hammered his way to a twelve round newspaper decision over Bud Ridley, the Seattle veteran in years of boxing but not age, he failed to make much of an impression out here. One thing the Meridian Hebrew showed is, that he lacks the color and polish of a champion, for his inability to stop Ridley brought upon him considerable disfavor. Ridley shot his bolt about three years ago, and in that period he has been beaten by Tod Morgan twice, Lew Paluso and Danny Nunes. Why Morgan was not selected for the big spot still remains a mystery for he is the best man his weight on the Coast, even when Kid Kaplan visits here.

Jack Silver, the embryo champion of the Pacific Coast, met defeat at the hands of Joe Benjamin in San Francisco, in a ten round skit. People from all over the Pacific made the trip to the Bay City to see that great pair of lightweights who have held the public eye for some length of time, do battle in the Recreation Park in San Francisco. They fought in a lightweight elimination championship bout.

Benjamin's victory over J. Silver may prove a windfall beyond Joe's most reseate dreams.

Ten grand, with a cut of 25 per cent. of the gate, is what Joe is to get for boxing "Ace" Hudkins some time this month at Jack Doyle's Vernon Arena. Some simoleons!

"Ace" flung his challenge at Joe from the ring Monday, and while the articles have not been signed, word comes from the South that "Wad" Wadhams, Doyle's matchmaker, is sponsoring the bout and has received Benjamin's agreement and expects to arrange matters with Hudkins very shortly. The battle is tentatively scheduled for a Saturday afternoon, late in March.

It will be a title bout—the Pacific Coast lightweight championship being at stake. More than that, the winner will be recognized as the coast champion by the New York boxing commission and will be permitted to battle the winner of the New York tournament to determine the heir to Leonard's crown.

Now, if Joe can throttle Hudkins he will be stepping up the ladder of fame fast. His star seems on the ascent.

Tommy Simpson wants to stage a return match between Benjamin and Silver, and no doubt such an engagement would further enlarge Joe's purse. But it is unlikely that the bout will be held prior to the Hudkins battle and if Joe should win that event he would hardly let a return go with Silver stand in the way of a championship affair with the Eastern tournament winner.

A great little featherweight here is Ritchie King, the champion of the Navy. He is going great guns around Los Angeles lately. He has won a number of fights and is looked upon with favor.

Damon Runyon, the most noted sport writer in America visited Los Angeles and while here looked over some of the local talent. Runyon has his eye on Eddie Huffman, the Navy light heavyweight champion who has been knocking his opponents dizzy in the past. Runyon has spent quite some time in Jack Dempsey's new gymnasium on Spring Street in Los Angeles.

Sacramento is not drawing the crowds of yore and boxing promoters in the Capital City have commenced to worry. Although they have put on some splendid attractions, the crowds don't seem to turn out on fight night.

Eddie Spence, the lightweight of San Pedro, is a boy who should be watched. He has won seven fights up till the time we went to press and has several bouts slated for next month. Big boys are rare out on the Coast at present, and when a promising lad makes his debut over the mediocre gang, he draws lots of attention.

Mickey Walker's showing with Bert Colima at Vernon, drew a $60,000 house, one of the biggest in the history of the State. Crowds have taken to Walker through his jovial nature and he is a big favorite here. He knocked out Colima.

Jack Dempsey started training at his own gymnasium on February 26, and is figuring on doing some business shortly. The big boy is always in shape and whoever draws the champion for the next shot will find him in just as good condition as ever. Jack's new gym is one of the best in Southern California and capacity crowds turn out every day. Many of the old timers can be seen around the place. Tommy Ryan, Spike Robson, Tom Jones, Ad Wolgast and several other boxers and managers of by-gone days pay their daily respects to the champion.

Tommy Nelson, Texas welter contender who has boxed the best boys in the game, is laid up with a broken hand. He expects to start training as soon as his hand is healed, which should be within a month. In his ten years of fighting he has boxed Tommy Murphy of Scranton, Scoggie Muscoff, Lee Morrissey, Ad Wolgast, Tommy Regan and a host of others. Tommy expects to tour the East Coast shortly.

LOS ANGELES AND VICINITY
By BENNY SONOVA

In the preliminaries to the Kaplan-Ridley bout which Kaplan won, Paddy Clancy of Chicago, defeated Danny Carlson of San Francisco. Tracy Ferguson won from Harry Ritzer and in the semi-windup Young Datio beat Johnny Trambitas on a foul in the third.

Dick Donald, proprietor of the Lyceum Athletic Club, had 500 stitches taken in his head and neck as the result of an automobile accident. Donald was gashed from his ear to his shoulder tip on the left side and also on the head. He nearly succumbed from the loss of blood, but is improving very rapidly.

The best boys on the Pacific will stage seven 4 round bouts at the Lyceum Athletic Club Saturday, March 1, for the benefit of Promoter Dick Donald, injured in an auto accident on Sunday, February 22.

Donald, who did much to put the California boxing law over, is unable to conduct his own show this week, others connected with the game are to run a real one for him.

Mickey Walker the welterweight king, and Louis Kid Kaplan, featherweight titleholder, will referee, while James J. Jefferies, former heavyweight champion, will act as time keeper.

Jack Dempsey has opened a gym on So. Spring Street and is named the Manhattan A. C. It is now the best equipped gym in Los Angeles. Among those who train there are Mickey Walker, Louis Kid Kaplan, Tod Morgan, Tony Fuentes and other boxers. On Tuesday, February 24, Jack Dempsey worked out 12 rounds, first, Jack worked the pulleys, then the punching bag, then sand bag and then the ring, where clever Tod Morgan, Seattle featherweight went 3 fast rounds with the champion.

Mike De Pinto, lank and lean Portland lightweight, was buffeted and bounced from pillar to post, but managed to weather the storm through eight rounds with Young Burmay, the slugging Filipino battler from Los Angeles, in the main event of the show staged at Garibaldi Hall. The decision of Referee Billy Burke was the only one possible, for Burmany was on top of his opponent from the opening bell until the end.

Eastern boxers may soon outnumber the former Iowans in Los Angeles.

Every incoming train unloads a cargo of cauliflowers. Fortunately, Los Angeles is roomy, hospitable. The visitors can all find shelter.

If you are acquainted in Fistiana you will feel quite at home here. You see on almost every corner a familiar battered countenance. This writer in one day shook hands with no less than twenty boxers from different parts of the land.

He is informed that the California Boxing Commission has already issued nearly 300 boxing licenses. Quite a colony of boxers is located in San Francisco.

It eventually will be a case of the survival of the fittest, of course. The men of real ability will be kept busy. The mediocre must move on.

Jim Dougherty "The Baron of Leiperville," and Scotty Montieth, of New York have brought in the largest "stables" so far.

Dougherty is here with Bobby Barrett, redheaded slugger from Clifton Heights, Pa.; Alex Hart, lightweight, and Jack Ketchel, a young middleweight.

Montieth arrived with Louis Kip Kaplan, claimant of the featherweight title; Jackie Snyder, Joe Ryder and Jimmy Hutchinson.

Jarney Lichtenstein, of Chicago, who once managed the great Jimmy Clabby; Pesek, the wrestler and other notables of the ring and mat, is here with Ernie Gooseman, Ray Miller and Lou Rollinger.

Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia middleweight; "Gentleman Gene" Delmont, of Memphis; George Manley, Denver middleweight; Pat Mills, of Ireland; Ace Hudkins, Omaha lightweight; Mike Dempsey, of Rochester—these are a few other fistic visitors in Los Angeles.

Charley Harvey, famous importer of English boxers, has been on the Pacific Coast for some time with Bermondsey Billy Wells, English welterweight. Ray Newman, New Jersey light heavyweight, is also here.

The four-round game produced many good local boxers now just entering the longer bouts.

One of them is Ernie Owens, tall, well proportioned light heavyweight. The best of the local heavyweight prospects just now is admitted to be Ralph Smith, former city fireman.

Joe Schlocker, Joe Benjamin, Phil Salvadore, Nick Newman, Tommy Carter, Alex Trambitas, Teddy Silva, Jimmy McLaurin, Georgie Rivers, Georgie Marks, Frankie Garcia, Tod Morgan, Kid Mexico and Dandy Dillon are some other boys well known in the four-round days. Some of them have been in the East.

Questions and Answers

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

A reader, San Pedro, Calif.

Q.—What are the nationalities and correct names of the following: Tommy Ryan, Terry Martin, Jack Zivic, Babe Herman.

A.—Jewish-American, Joseph Youngs; Italian-American, Francisco Martini; Crotian-American, Jack Zivic; Portugese-Italian, Herman J. Souza.

Tom Johnanson, N. Y. City.

Q.—What is the address of Sam Langford?

A.—Los Angeles, Cal.

Irving Brien, N. Y. City.

Q.—When and where did the Battling Levinsky-Georges Carpentier bout take place? Result?

A.—Jersey City. Carpenter scored knockout in four rounds.

A reader, Farrell, Pa.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Charley Weinert and Pete Letzo?

A.—Austrian and Polish.

Joe Schusterman, N. Y. City.

Q.—Dates and results of Tony Vaccarelli-Mickey Brown bouts?

A.—Feb. 25, March 12, April 14 and Aug. 19, 1924. Vaccarelli won them all.

J. Carson, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—Can a man hit harder with his hand bandaged and with a four ounce glove than a man with his bare fist?

A.—Hand bandaged with four-ounce glove hits harder.

Larry Hendy, Vancouver, B. C.

Q.—1, In your opinion do you think Vic Foley stands a chance with Abe Goldstein? 2, What is Joe Walcott's present address? 3, Joe Gans'? 4, What was Walcott's profession before he became a pug?

A.—1, According to some of Foley's most recent fights he figures to give Goldstein a hard fight. 2. Boston, Mass. 3, Heaven, we hope. 4, Wrestler.

Robert Joes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the men who have defeated Jack Renault?

A.—Billy Miske, Porky Flynn, Ted Jameison and Romero Rojas.

Charles Finelli, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Will Carl Duane ever fight again?

A.—Yes.

A reader, Long Beach, Calif.

Q.—A says Dempsey weighed 204 pounds when he fought Firpo. B says he weighed 195. Which is correct?

A.—B is correct.

Irving Broder, N. Y. City.

Q.—What are the right ages and nationalities of the following: Sammy Mandell, Willie Herman, Babe Herman?

A.—21, Italian-American; 24, Hebrew-American; 24, Portugese-Italian.

A reader, N. Y. City.

Q.—What are the nationalities of the following: Jimmy Slattery, Paul Berlenbach, James J. Corbett and Ad Stone?

A.—Irish-Americn, German, Irish-American, Polish-American.

August Steiniger, Glendale, L. I.

Q.—Did Tom Gibbons ever beat Harry Greb?

A.—No.

G. E. Mickens, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Q.—What is Harry Wills' address?

A.—Address him c. o. Paddy Mullins, Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City.

Bobby Roberts, Newark, N. J.

Q.—What is Sammy Mandell's home address? Is he a high school graduate?

A.—Rockford, Ill. Yes.

Oscar De Vicarus, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who is leading in the featherweight division today?

A.—Louis (Kid) Kaplan.

Sam Mim, Montgomery, Ala.

Q.—What was the date of the Sullivan-Corbett fight?

A.—Sept. 7, 1892, New Orleans. Corbett knocked out Sullivan in twenty-first round.

Charlie G., Philadelphia.

Q.—Did Tony Vaccarelli beat Willie Garber? How many rounds?

A.—Yes. Six rounds.

J. A. Anderson, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—Why was the Tunney-Renault bout declared no contest on Jan. 29, 1923, at Philadelphia?

A.—Apparently the men were not trying.

A reader, N. Y. City.

Q.—What are the addresses of Paul Berlenbach, Mike McTigue and Sammy Mandell? Was Mandell ever knocked out?

A.—Astoria, L. I.; c. o. Charles Rose, Putnam Bldg.; Rockford, Ill. Yes by Joey Sanger, 7 rounds.

Ernest Sandstrom, Detroit.

Q.—Please state the weight that Mickey Walker must defend his title at?

A.—147 pounds at 2 o'clock on afternoon of contest.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio.

Q.—1, What stock does Eddie (Cannonball) Martin come from? 2, How tall is he? 3, Was he ever kayoed? 4, Same on Kaplan? 5, What is Mandell's real name? Where was he born? 6, Who won the Mandell-Terris bout?

A.—Italian. 2, Five feet four inches. 3, No. 4, Jewish. Five feet five inches. No. 5, Salvatore Mandello. Albania in a spot belonging to Italy. 6, Mandell.

I. W. Phillips, Ocean Beach, Calif.

Q.—Did Sam Langford ever meet defeat at the hands of a white opponent?

A.—Yes.

James O'Brien, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What are the measurements of George (K. O.) Chaney, of Baltimore?

A.—Height, 5 feet 2 inches; chest normal, 37 inches; chest expanded, 39; neck, 16; biceps, 13¾; reach, 64¾; wrist, 7; forearm, 11¼; thigh, 21¾; ankle, 8; weight, 135 pounds.

A reader, Providence, R. I.

Q.—Do you think Benny Leonard will change his mind and return to the ring?

A.—No.

Italian fan, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Who was entitled to the decision between Firpo and Wills?

A.—The newspapermen thought Wills was an easy winner.

James O'Reilly, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—Is Benny Leonard married?

A.—Not yet.

H. Murphy, Portland, Maine.

Q.—Is Mickey Walker really an Irishman? How is he rated with the other champions?

A.—Walker is honest and truly an Irishman. He is considered the peer in his division and is classed on a par with Jack Dempsey in his respective division.

George Smith, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—When and where did Terry McGovern die?

A.—Terry died in Brooklyn, N. Y. on the 22nd of February, 1918.

Charley Masters, Phila., Pa.

Q.—Is Harry Wallach, the boy who went over to France with the Olympic Boxing Team, still an amateur?

A.—Wallach turned professional immediately upon his return to United States.

Irving Farbstein, N. Y. City.

Q.—Did Sammy Bienfeld and Corporal Izzy Schwartz fight more than once, and what was the outcome?

A.—Schwartz and Bienfeld met twice. One was a draw and Bienfeld won the other.

Harry Schwartz, N. Y. City.

Q.—What was the outcome of the bout between Pepper Martin and Mickey Brown staged at Madison Square Garden?

A.—Brown was knocked out in the eleventh round after a cyclonic fight all the way.

Tony Copollo, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—How did the fight turn out between Pancho Villa and Henny Catena fought in Jersey City?

A.—Villa finished Catena in the fifth round at the West New York Playgrounds, N. J. this past summer.

M. S., N. Y. City.

Q.—Who is the present manager of Sammy Nable? What is his present fight weight?

A.—He has no manager. 120 pounds.

E. J. Horay, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—1, Can a boxer work in New Jersey on a New York license? 2, When arranging a six round bout does a contract have to be signed and a deposit put down? 3, Does a copy of a contract between manager and boxer have to be deposited with the State Athletic Commission?

A.—1, No. 2, Yes. 3, Yes.

Sidney Rosenbluth, N. Y. City.

Q.—1, What is the nationality of Eddie (Kid) Wagner? 2, Who is considered the greatest slugger between Louis (Kid) Kaplan and Eddie (Cannonball) Martin? 3, Who is Sammy Nable's present manager and will be make good in his comeback?

A.—1, Hebrew-American. 2, Martin, 3, No manager. If he stops his holding tactics.

John Jones, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Q.—1, Is Bob Fitzsimmons still living? 2, Did Jack Dempsey fight negroes before he became champion? 3, What is the address of James J. Jeffries? How old is he and do you think he is capable of managing boxers?

A.—1, No. 2, Yes. 3, San Francisco, Cal., 50 years old. Yes if he took the job seriously.

Louis Pistrong, N. Y. City.

Q.—What is the nationality of Willie Harmon? Did he ever k. o. Willie Fentour, when and where?

A.—Hebrew-American. Yes. 1922. Rink Arena, Brooklyn.

Sol Miner, N. Y. City.

Q.—Can I box in the amateurs as I work by day from 8 to 6 p. m., standing on my feet all the time? Will my work affect my boxing?

A.—Yes. Certainly not.

W. D., N. Y. City.

Q.—What is the nationality of Jim Maloney, of Boston?

A.—Irish-American.

Max Gralitzer, New York City.

Q.—Was Ted Moore ever knocked out in any of his fights while in New York?

A.—No.

A Fan, Worcester, Mass.

Q.—When and where was Terry Miller a champion? From whom did he take the crown?

A.—Miller was never a champion.

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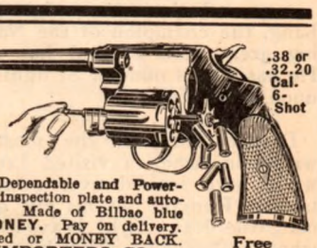
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Peter Jackson vs. Peter Maher
Fitzsimmons vs. Jeffries
Corbett vs. Fitzsimmons
Ketchell vs. Johnson
Ad Wolgast vs. Willie Ritchie
Kilbane vs. Abe Attell
Corbett vs. Terry McGovern
Ad Wolgast vs. Battling Nelson
Johnson vs. Jeffries
Johnson vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Joe Jeannette
Dempsey vs. Willard
Carpentier vs. Levinsky
Pete Herman vs. Jimmy Wilde
Dempsey vs. Carpentier
Carpentier vs. Beckett
Billy Miske vs. Jack Dempsey
Leonard vs. Kansas
Leonard vs. Richie Mitchell
Abe Goldstein vs. Johnny Buff
Joe Beckett vs. Frank Moran
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Luis Firpo vs. Bill Brennan
Joe Beckett vs. Dick Smith
Jack Dampsey vs. Fred Fulton
Harry Grebe vs. Gene Tunney
Mickey Walker vs. Jack Britton
Benny Leonard vs. Evers Hammer
Lew Tendler vs. Bennv Leonard
Georges Carpentier vs. Marcel Nilles
Jack Dempsey vs. Bill Brennan
Joe Lynch vs. Pal Moore
Jack Britton vs. Benny Leonard
Pete Herman vs. Johnny Buff
Benny Leonard vs. Joe Welling
Mike O'Dowd vs. Johnny Wilson
Abe Goldstein vs. Pancho Villa
Ted Kid Lewis vs. Johnny Basham
Luis Firpo vs. Jack McAuliffe
Fred Fulton vs. Jack Renault
Jess Willard vs. Floyd Johnson
Johnny Dundee vs. Jack Bernstein
Johnny Kilbane vs. Eugene Criqui
Wilde vs. Villa
Dempsey vs. Gibbons

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Tommy Ryan vs. Jim Dineen
Terry McGovern vs. Frank Erne
Terry McGovern vs. Eddie Hanlon
Jack Johnson vs. Terry McGovern
Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Fitzsimmons
Jem Belcher vs. Tom Cribb
Daniel Mendoza vs. G. Humphries
Young Corbett vs. Aurelio Herrera
Jim Jeffries vs. Bob Armstrong
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Wilde vs. Villa
Leonard vs. Tendler
Dundee vs. Criqui
Willard vs. Firpo

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Benny Yanger and Tom Sharkey—Terry McGovern sparring, and Frank Erne and John L. Sullivan—Jake Kilrain sparring
Bob Fitzsimmons and Battling Nelson
Jack Johnson and Harry Wills
Joe Jeannette and Young Pete Jackson
George Dixon and Joe Gans and Joe Walcott
George Godfrey and Frank Craig
Tommy Ryan and Harlem Tommy Murphy
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Leach Cross with sparring partner
Jack Johnson with sparring partner
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George Calza in training
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Arthur Chambers
Joe Coburn
Tom Cribb
Jimmy Carroll
Frank Craig
Young Corbett
James J. Corbett
Dan Creedon
Dan Donnelly
Nonpareil J. Dempsey
Prof. Mike Donaldson
John Donaldson
George Dixon
Frank Erne
Billy Edwards
Bob Fitzsimmons
Joe Goss
Joe Gans
Young Griffo
Marvin Hart
Joe Jeannette
Jack Johnson
Peter Jackson
James J. Jeffries
Stanley Ketchell
Tom King
Nat Langham
Sam Langford
George LeBlanche
Joe Lennon
Terry McGovern
Dominick McCaffrey
Jack McAuliffe
Kid McCoy
Tom Molineaux
Daniel Mendoza
Jem Mace
Peter Maher
Battling Nelson
Billy Papke
Pedlar Palmer
Billy Plimmer
Willie Ritchie
Gus Ruhlin
Paddy Slavin
Tom Sharkey
Tom Sayers
John L. Sullivan
Joe Walcott
Tommy West
Ike O'Neil Weir

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Gans—Nelson
Carpentier—Lewis
King—Mace
Dixon—Casper Leon
Fitzsimmons—Gardner
Ketchel—Papke
McTigue—Loughran
Randall—Belasco

Peter Maher, Billy Smith, Tommy Ryan, James Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons
Billy Plimmer, Pedlar Palmer, George Dixon, George Lavigne, Jimmy Barry
John C. Heenan, John Morrissey, Tom Sayers, Tom Hyer, Bill Poole
W. A. Brady, Charles Davis and Al Vendig
Bob Fitzsimmons and Kid McCoy

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Jack Britton
Bill Brennan
Jack Bernstein
Georges Carpentier
George Chip
Jack Dempsey
Jack Dillon
Johnny Dundee
Luis Firpo
Pal Moore
Terry Martin
Elino Flores
Battling Siki
Luis Vicentini
Frankie Genaro
Charley Griffin
Johnny Griffin
Tom Gibbons
Louis Guglemini
Mike Gibbons
Geo. Godfrey
Harry Harris
Pete Herman
Ed. McGoorty
Gene Tunney
Battling Hurley
Alex Hart
Sammy Mandell
Pal Moran
M. Hore
Floyd Johnson
Young Peter Jackson
Frank Klaus
Johnny Kilbane
Tommy Kelly
Willie Lewis
Danny Lee
Sid Barbarian
Spencer Gardner
Battling Levinsky
Benny Leonard
Joe Lynch
Quentin Romero
Packey McFarland
Ted "Kid" Lewis
Mike McTigue
Al McCoy
Dido Plumb
Tommy Ryan
Joe Rivers
Jack Renault
Bert Keyes
Midget Smith
Erminio Spalla
Steve Taylor
Lew Tendler
Clonie Tait
Young Stribling
Phil Kaplan
Tony Caccarelli
Carl Tremaine
Andy Thomas
Dave Shade
Freddie Welsh
Ad Wolgast
Willie Lewis
Jess Willard
Kid Williams
Harry Wills
Jimmy Wilde
Johnny Wilson
Charlie White
Pancho Villa
Eddie Burnbrook
Pete Sarmiento
Sid Terris
Johnny Curtin
Georgie Ward
Eugene Criqui
Bud Taylor
Mickey Walker
Mike Dundee
Rocky Kansas
Joe Beckett
Jimmy Clabby
Ritchie Mitchell
Pinky Mitchell
Frank Moran
Billy Miske
Jack Zivic
Henny Catena
Johnny Buff
Bill Tate
Jack Delaney
Abe Goldstein
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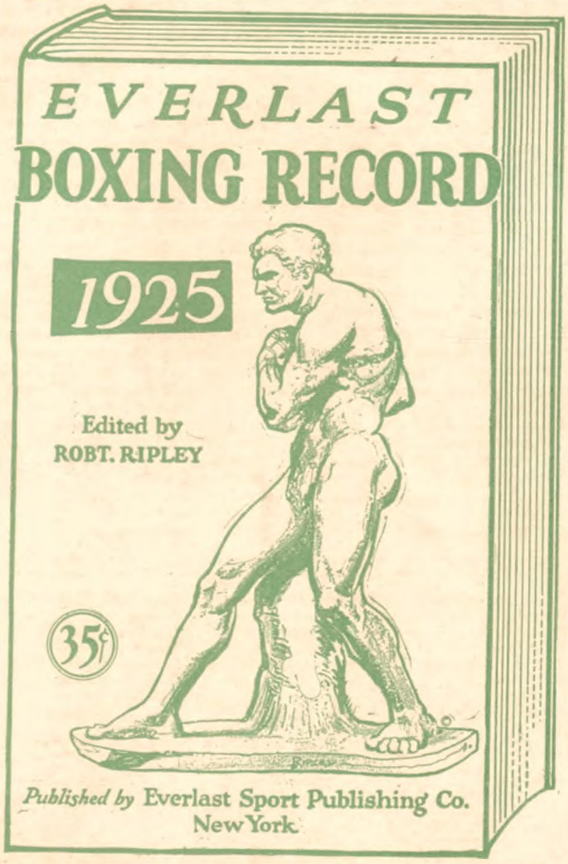

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